COMIC SECTION
OF THE
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
June 25, 1922

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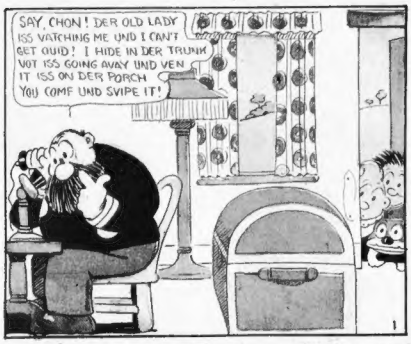
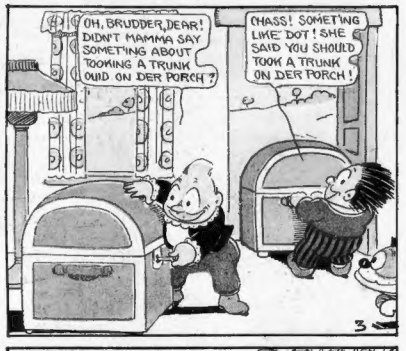
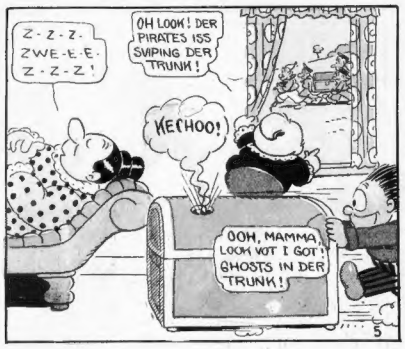
The Katzenjammer Kids







EDITORIAL SUMMER RESORT, SOCIETY, DRAMATIC SECTION
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper BOSTON, SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1922 New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper

YOUR HOUR ON THE STAGE

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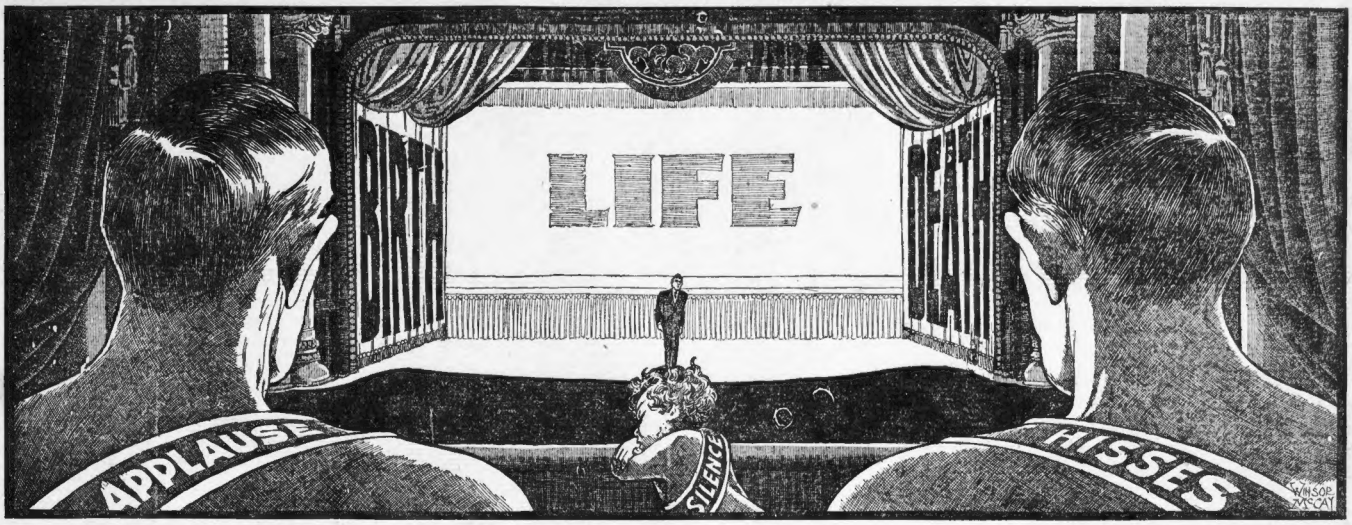

On One Side Your Entrance. On the Other Side Your Exit. And Between THE AUDIENCE.

Where This Man in Mr. McCay's Picture Stands, We All Stand, Between Birth and Death, Waiting for the Verdict or What Is More Frequent, No Verdict At All, MERE SILENCE.

THOUSANDS of writers have compared this life of ours to a stage, and human beings to actors that appear, make their bow, go through their performance and vanish into the "wings" of death.

Shakespeare has said it better than anybody else, as he has said almost everything better than anybody else. In a few lines he puts the whole performance.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms!
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow; Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part; The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

* * *

Every one of us is out on the stage of life, before the footlights, before the audience, giving his performance, with the recording angel above making careful notes.

The great majority of us give a very careless, slovenly, poor performance.

We drift and dawdle along, like a third-rate member of a second-class chorus, lacking ambition ever to have a "speaking part" of our own.

There would be more energy, ambition and **ACCOMPLISHMENT** in the world if each young man could see himself as he really is, standing exactly where McCay puts the young man on the stage in this picture.

* * *

Concerning his cartoon, Mr. McCay writes as follows:

"What every young man needs is to realize where he STANDS, and I have made this Sunday cartoon to show the young men of the country where each of them does stand.

"Life is the stage, and the audience is made up of three only. There are two giants, HISSES and APPLAUSE. And there is the little sleepy onlooker, paying no attention. His name is SILENCE.

"Of the young men that come on the stage, on the side labelled BIRTH, and go out on the other side, labelled DEATH, a majority attract nothing but SILENCE. They are not worth hissing, not worth applause.

"They come on, they stay their few years, they go off, and nobody knows it.

"The fact is that the ordinary young man doesn't realize what his chance is, or WHERE he stands, or how short a time he has to stand there, or what he MIGHT do if he had the energy and the ambition of those that have succeeded.

"To do ANYTHING, as long as it is not harmful, is better than doing nothing.

* * *

"Take any young man, lazy and careless at his work and in his life, put him out on the theatre stage, where the crowd will see him, where the footlights will shine in his eyes, where he will hear the band playing, and he will at least TRY to do something. He will straighten up; he will at least have stage fright and be DISSATISFIED with himself. And being dissatisfied with YOURSELF is the beginning of doing something worth while.

* * *

"The trouble is that nine young men out of ten go through life in a trance. They had average intelligence when they were children.

"That intelligence changes into a kind of foolish conceit in their young manhood. And then the conceit dwindles down into nothingness as they pass thirty-five and forty, and the rest is worthless routine.

"Please write an editorial with this cartoon trying to make young folks realize that they are out on the stage of life, whether they KNOW it or not, and that it won't be long before they go out at the right-hand side, when their chance for this performance will be over."

* * *

Mr. McCay makes an excellent point for young men and for old men, too. It is never too late in this world of opportunity, as long as you have a clear mind.

Blake, who conquered the Dutch for England, was the greatest sea fighter that England ever had except Nelson. And he was past fifty before he went to sea in command of fighting ships.

Theodore N. Vail, one of the ablest American industrial builders, was seventy years old when he undertook the reorganization and control of all the telephone and telegraph lines of the United States. He had been busy in South America and elsewhere. Then he decided to work on the American stage, and he worked rapidly.

Goethe was writing the second part of "Faust," the better part, when he was seventy-two years old. Michael Angelo was doing his best work when near eighty, and Titian still later.

Old or young, you can make the giant of Applause look your way and notice you, if you can realize that you actually ARE ON THE STAGE, that you HAVE an audience and that NOW is your opportunity.

* * *

The difficulty is that we do not realize that each of us, so far as HE or SHE is concerned, is the entire performance.

We watch baseball games and horse races, and read about prizefighters or millionaires. We transform ourselves into an AUDIENCE FOR OTHERS, forgetting that this is the hour when our minds should be on OUR OWN PERFORMANCE.

* * *

When you go to the theatre and you see the important actors in the middle of the stage, and the poor chorus men and women merely looking on and following what the stars are doing, you feel sorry for those chorus people. You wonder that they do not work between performances and strive to make stars of themselves.

The majority of us are just like the men and women in the chorus. We are watching others perform, Babe Ruth or Dempsey, Rockefeller or Edison, Lenin in Russia or Lloyd George in England, according to our interest. Watching others, not developing ourselves, we drift into oblivion.

Very rarely we say: "It is time for ME to get to work, time for ME to do something worth while, time that I should cease having SILENCE for my audience, time to wake up the giant APPLAUSE, or, if I can't do that, at least do something to stir up the other giant of disapproval."

* * *

There YOU are, WHOEVER you are, standing out on the stage where McCay's cartoon shows you.

Three big words, BIRTH, LIFE, DEATH, are on either side of you and above you. Three other big words, APPLAUSE, SILENCE, HISSES, are in front of you.

It is a short little trip across that stage from birth to death. A very narrow stage is the strip called life. But it gives each one his chance, with no encores, no chance to return for this particular performance and do it over again.

Once you go out to the right you STAY out. Better act as hard, as well and as energetically as you know how NOW, while the chance is here.

News of the Summer Resorts

Famous Deacon Sister Visiting at Newport

NEWPORT, R. I., June 24.—There was another wedding today when Miss Eleanor Stewart Conover, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. James Potter Conover, whose Summer place is on Indian avenue, became the bride of Chauncey Haven Beasley at St. Mary's Church in Portsmouth, R. I. The bride's sister, Mrs. Herbert Henriques, was matron of honor, and Miss Margaret Thayer Graham of Newport and Miss Rosemary Howe of Philadelphia were bridesmaids. The bride's father is a graduate of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and was a teacher for many years in St. Paul's.

Society in large numbers improved the opportunity to view the gardens of the Misses Ellen and Ida Mason of Boston at their Newport villa on Rhode Island avenue this other afternoon. There is a big array of peonies and roses in variegat-

mors. Near the centre of the on is a trellised archway over- with peach tree branches, and by is a lily pond. One of the res of the garden is a sun dial ronze on a granite pedestal, this inscription around the face n dial: "Lightly fall the foot me that only treads on flowers." wport, the place where having d times is the chief industry of place, is fast getting ready for pening date on July the Fourth the prospects are quite flatter-

nmodore Herbert M. Sears of Eastern Yacht Club made his cruise to Newport of the season this week, coming from the ard with the yacht Constella-

, and Mrs. John Barrymore, erly Blanche Oelrichs, are stopping at the Muenchinger-

Cottage for a few days. Mr. Mrs. William Phanestock have ed at Villa Rosa, which is d by Mrs. James B. Haggin before that by E. Rollins Morse aston. Mr. and Mrs. Craig Hid- are at their cottage on Halidon

Mrs. John Clinton Gray ar- Wednesday to be at the schingen-King for a while be- going to Bar Harbor where she pass the Summer.

r. and Mrs. George D. Widener be at Midcliff Villa for the th.

s. Widener was formerly Miss le Sloan and she married first iam Earl Dodge. Mrs. Hermann iche, who has recently returned a long stay in Paris, is now the Muenchinger-King cottage. and Mrs. Griswold A. Thompson, are just back from Egypt, will spend part of the Summer at Newport. Mrs. Thompson was Miss May VanAlen and is the daughter of James J. VanAlen and has been presented at the Court of St. James.

Ogden Mills has arrived at Ocean View cottage, where he will have with him this Summer Miss Barbara Sands and Master Winthrop Sands. Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Gray are stopping with Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin at Kingscote Villa. Mrs. Gray will be remembered as Miss Edith Deacon of Boston. Mrs. Robert Goelet, who has arrived at the Wilson place in Narragansett avenue, is registered at the Casino. Mrs. Goelet before her marriage was Mrs. Fernando Rocchi Rishouchinsky. Their wedding took place in the American church in Paris, October 25, 1919. Mr. and Mrs. Rishouchinsky were divorced a few months be-

Tourists Follow Trail Into Canada

WHITE MOUNTAINS, June 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Joshua A. Clark of Boston in company of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Clark of White Plains, N. Y., are touring the places of interest in the White Mountains from the Mountain View at Whitefield, where they are spending a few days. Tuesday, they motored to Hereford, Canada, via Canaan, Vt., returning to Polly's Place at Colebrook for luncheon and then visiting The Balsams at Dixville Notch.

Mrs. George Barnard of Boston and Miss Florence D. Emerson of Wellesley Hills, are starting this week on a motor tour of the Mountains, with Polly's place at Colebrook there objective point.

Motor parties visiting the White Mountains usually plan to take a run into Canada, most of them taking the Vermont State road from Colebrook to Canaan, thence over the line to Hereford, P. Q., where ample opportunities for refreshment are offered. The stop at the Custom house for a permit to pass into Canada and back, is a mere matter of form and attended by no special regulations. Other tourists from later Hereford via Beecher Falls, Vt., and many parties motor through from the Rangeley Lakes and Dixville Notch or White Mountains points to visit the King's Dominion.

The State of New Hampshire is erecting in Crawford Notch, on the site of the famous old Willey House, two large camps, built from peeled spruce logs, one equipped with kitchen, lunch counters and restaurant, and the other designed to provide toilet conveniences, rest rooms and shelter for the hundreds of tourists who visit the scene of the Willey tragedy each week. Another State camp is located midway between the Glen House and Mt. Washington carriage road and Jackson, where tourists may be accommodated with food and shelter.

The upkeep of White Mountain trails is admirably aided by the Outdoor Club at Wonalancet, where over $200 remains in the treasury, contributed toward keeping in condition the paths over the Sandwich Range and Mt. Chocorua. The United States Forest Reserve and the New Hampshire State Forestry Service also cooperate with the Appalachian Mountain Club and the Randolph Mountain Club in maintaining fine open trails.

James Phelan, Jr., Off to Europe

JAMES J. PHELAN, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Phelan, whose Summer estate is "Ledgewood," Smith's Point, Manchester, and Louis Gaenslein of Cohasset, classmates at Harvard University, sailed on Wednesday last for Europe, where they will tour Germany, Switzerland, Holland, France and the British Isles for study and pleasure. They will sail for home September 5, arriving in Boston about September 12.

fore her marriage to Mr. Goelet. Mr. Goelet first married Miss Elsie Whelen of Philadelphia. They were divorced in 1914.

Princess Christopher of Greece, who owns Rough Point Villa in Newport, and formerly Mrs. William B. Leeds, was among the first prize winners at the June flower show. Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. Thomas O. Richardson of Boston, Mrs. Thomas J. Emery and Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs also took first prizes.

Manchester

Miss Ruth Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Foster of No. 45 the Fenway, will spend a portion of the Summer at "Thorncliff," the Foster residence on Coolidge Point. Miss Foster has spent the Winter months in Baltimore, where she has been a student at the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Demart and daughter of Berkeley street, opened their attractive home on "Crowhaven," Manchester Cove, the first of the week. Rev. Mr. Demart is pastor of the "Old North Church," Boston.

The Misses Nancy and Lucy Carnegie, daughters of the Andrew Carnegies of Pittsburgh, are welcomed back to Manchester after a season's absence. Last season the Carnegies were at Racquet Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Foster and family of New York City arrived at "Crunwcliff," their estate on Coolidge Point, the first of the month.

Colonel and Mrs. E. M. House, who have been frequent visitors at the Dane of their daughter, Mrs. Randolph F. Tucker, are spending the season in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss are accompanying them on their tour.

A. F. Southerland of New York city, who is spending the Summer with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Foster, at their Coolidge Point residence, is among the most enthusiastic golfers on the Shore. He is a member of the Essex County club.

Mrs. Charles M. Hewitt of Chicago, after an absence of several seasons, is occupying the Stanwood cottage on Smith's Point.

Mrs. Francis A. Lane of Boston has had as her guest her daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel T. Lane. The Lane cottage, Overledge, is situated in Manchester Cove.

Very attractive was the dance held on Friday evening at the Essex County Club in honor of Miss Katharine Coolidge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Coolidge of Blynman Farm, and Geoffroy Story Smith of Philadelphia. Miss Coolidge and Mr. Smith were married on Saturday at St. John's Episcopal Church, Beverly Farms.

East Gloucester

Congressman A. Piatt Andrew, who is at present at his lovely home at Eastern Point, will leave late in July for a trip to Europe, where he will particularly visit the scenes where he served during the war-times.

Mrs. John Clay, who has been seriously ill at her home at East Gloucester, is improving at Finisterre, Eastern Point.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Wonson are at their cottage at Hooly Neck, and have as their house guest, Arthur Jones of South Carolina.

Mrs. Anna Seaton-Schmidt of Washington, D. C., has come to East Gloucester for the Summer, having taken a house on Gerring street.

Dr. and Mrs. James H. Knowles of Philadelphia are at Eastern point for the Summer, being among the week's arrivals.

Mrs. Joseph M. Parsons, who spent the winter in Florida, is at Eastern Point for the Summer. She has with her, Mrs. Virgil Voorhes, a daughter, who has been attending the Smith College festivities this past week.

City Dwellers Turning to Berkshires

LENOX, June 24.—The week witnessed the arrival of many familiar Boston and Eastern Massachusetts faces at the various Berkshire inns and the country and golf clubs throughout the resort section and the Berkshires have made ready to receive them.

The Wyantenuck Golf Club of Great Barrington held its annual election this week and these officers were chosen: president, Charles L. Wetherbee of New York; vice-president, Benjamin D. Trickner of Great Barrington; board of governors, John H. C. Church, Great Barrington; David I. Mackie and John Dodge Fabyan of New York.

The Lenox Golf Club will hold its annual meeting July 4, but the club house is open; the grounds and links fit and sporty and each day the course is well patronized by lovers of the game.

The Hotel Aspinwall opened this week and the first persons to sign the registrar were Mr. Frank Stone of Boston, his wife, Mrs. H. B. Elliott of Boston. Other Boston guests at the hotel are: Miss Ines Tumbling, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tumbling, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Ulman, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Pratt of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwathe of Wellesley, Mr. and Mrs. William Hotchkins of Wellesley.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Ladd of Boston are with Mrs. Ladd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Boyd, in Lee.

Mrs. Charles W. Bosworth, wife of Judge Bosworth of Springfield, has reservations at the Lenox Club for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Melanson of Boston are with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Klipp on Main street in Lenox.

Miss Mary and Miss Gertrude Parsons have given luncheons and dinners this week for their niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Morehead Patterson of Cambridge. Mr. Patterson is a student at Harvard.

The Springfield Garden Club members and the Springfield Automobile Club motored here last week. The first club made their headquarters at the Curtis Hotel and the other at the Hotel Aspinwall. Following their luncheon both parties, under competent guides, made an auto tour of the village, visiting many of the fine estates.

In the case of the Garden Club their pilgrimage had to do particularly with the fine flower gardens on the estates of Miss Georgianna Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Fahnestock, Miss Hodge Meyer, Miss Mary and Miss Gertrude Parsons, Miss Adele Kneeland, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Shattuck, Mr. and Mrs. Rose W. Whistler's, Miss Mary A. Tappan and Mrs. Richard Dixey.

At each estate the party was met by the owners and shown through the grounds, and particular attention was paid to the exquisite blooms, the layout of the garden and the variety and family of the flower grown. The Lenox Garden Club received a most cordial invitation from the Springfield club to return the visit. The Springfield club also promised to come to Lenox in July to attend the Lenox Garden Club's flower show.

Sandwich

A special chorus under the direction of Charles S. Lloyd are to give next month a concert for the benefit of the Sandwich District Nursing Association. Gallia will be among the selections rendered.

Mrs. Esther Briggs of Washington, D. C., has arrived at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Beale.

Louis A. Warren and the Misses Warren of Dorchester have opened their Summer residence on Main street. Alfred Warren of Dartmouth College is planning a trip abroad this Summer and will witness the Passion Play.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pratt of Boston have taken the house of Miss Rebecca Newcomb for the Summer.

Much interest is being taken in the graduation exercises of the Sandwich High School, which take place Monday evening at Town Hall.

Road Surveyor Edwin G. Landers and Miss Luella Percival were married in Osterville Saturday. They will make their home in South Sandwich.

Mrs. Barbara Dow of Newtonville has opened her home here for the Summer. Her daughter, Barbara, is with her and her sons, John and James of Cambridge, spend the week ends here. Miss Belle Swann of Newtonville has also arrived at the home of her mother, where she will remain until early in September.

Harwich

Mr. and Mrs. William Markee are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Fred Markee and daughter of Boston. Willard Massey and family of Stoneham are at their Summer home.

Among the recent arrivals at West Harwich are: Mrs. Hiram Orfurt and daughters, Mrs. Charles Webster of Evanston, Ill., and Miss Helen Orcutt of Cleveland, and they are at the Clevecroft for the Summer.

Walter H. Cox and family of Somerville are at South Harwich, as are also Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bartlett of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hubbard and Miss Hazel Hubbard of Waverley are late arrivals at North Harwich.

Her'es a Word of Warning to Autoists

NAHANT, June 24.—This town intends to remain exclusive in as far as it is possible and already the special policemen are at work moving along all those autoists who stop, or even hesitate, along the shore drive of Nahant. Even the rocks are marked keep off, no picnic parties allowed.

Mrs. Homer B. Richardson and daughter of Boston are here for the Summer having come down from their Marlboro street, Boston, home.

Edgehill is open for the season and has many interesting guests including, Admiral and Mrs. H. H. Southerland of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Lovering, Jr., of New York; Mrs. Herbert Foster Otis of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. B. Howard George of Milton, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fay of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Vittorio Orlandini of Boston will again occupy one of the Johnson houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Turnbull of Boston have arrived for the Summer months.

Mrs. George Lodge and daughter, Miss Helene Lodge, have arrived from Washington.

Mrs. Charles T. Lovering of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, is at Nahant for the Summer.

Walter L. Hobbs of Boston is at the cottage of Miss Emma Rodman for the season.

Mrs. H. H. Eustis of Boston has leased the MacIlurney estate for the Summer months.

Mrs. Curtis Guild of Marlboro street, Boston, has the beautiful residence of Mrs. J. T. Wilson this Summer on Spring street.

Paul G. Courtney of Boston is to be a resident of Nahant, having leased the C. W. Stacey place on Marginal road.

Dr. Edward P. Richardson of Boston has been fortunate in securing a sub-lease from F. Haven Clark on the Ladd place on Prospect street, which has a fine view of the water and is one of the cool spots on the headland.

Edward M. Seals of Boston has the Ashbury place on Marginal road, Nahant.

Leverett Saltonstall of Boston is to occupy the L. C. Goodhue place at Nahant.

Kenneth S. Billings, who was at Marblehead Neck last year, is to be in the Carey cottage at Nahant this year. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman and will have plenty of opportunity for the sport at Nahant.

Edgehill at Nahant is open this year and will have a distinguished list of patrons as usual. General Southerland has arrived for another season, being one of the first to come to this resort.

Senator Lodge's house on the Point is open, but the distinguished statesman has not yet arrived and will probably spend little time there this year. Many landowners get a glimpse of the house during the season, for the Cliff Walk goes right through his place and from the cliffs a fine view of the house and library can be had.

Falmouth

Mrs. Charles F. Choate has arrived at her Summer home at Woods Hole, where she will remain throughout the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Page of Dedham have opened their Summer home at Wild Harbor. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Page are also there.

F. F. Hill and family of Memphis, Tenn., have opened "Taknaip" for the season. Others at Falmouth Heights include Mrs. W. A. Seymour of New York city at the Blake cottage; Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Crocker and Mrs. Frank L. Wells of Dorchester.

Charles Whittemore of Newton has arrived at Quissett Harbor, and Chester P. Jordan of Boston was a recent visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Welch of Cleveland, O., have opened their Summer home on Clifford street.

George H. Watkins of Cambridge is here with his airship and will make daily flights during the Summer months.

Hyannis

R. T. Green and family of Montclair, N. J., are among the recent arrivals at West Hyannisport. Miss Mary Williams is entertaining her sister, Miss Dorothy Williams of South Carolina.

Dr. Denys and family of Washington, D. C., are occupying the Frank Paine house at Hyannisport.

Representative and Mrs. Edward C. Hinckley, now that the Legislature is adjourned, are at their home here. Miss Sarah Gould of Lexington is spending the Summer with Mrs. Julia Baxter.

Mrs. Ernest J. Hall and children of New Haven have arrived at Hyannis Park and are staying with Mrs. A. P. Poole. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Dodge of Newton are guests of Arthur C. Berry and Miss Lillian M. Berry.

Mrs. Carnegie to Summer at Cape

Hyannis, June 17.—Hyannisport this year will have a distinguished visitor this Summer in Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, who has taken one of the best known places for the Summer. She will be joined next month by her daughter, Mrs. Roswell Miller, and husband.

As the Widow Sees Them

By FLORENCE COWLES.

IT doesn't seem as though anyone ought to have trouble in finding an apartment. On nearly every building there is an "apartment to rent" sign, which means that either building operations are sufficient to ease the demand or rents are so high people who would like apartments are still cooped up in smaller quarters. Which is it?

• • •

THE circus is a great institution. If you are middle-aged or single you may not realize it. If you have any youngsters around the house it is brought home to you. The Widow has. In the living room there reposes a ring (price 15 cents) once worn by the biggest man in the world," and the man with comatic hair, the cuckoo boy and others of the same kind are still the subjects of conversation at the breakfast luncheon and dinner table although the circus people have folded their tents and moved on into the night. To stimulate the imagination of the young give them a circus.

• • •

YOU can get a divorce in Paris for 200 francs. That's what the ads in the French papers say anyway. Two hundred francs used to be about $18. Now it's much less. And lawyers guarantee to get the divorce regardless of the feelings of the other party. It's easier to get a divorce than to be married in France. But docs either a hasty marriage or a hasty divorce lead to happiness?

• • •

THE worm has turned. In this case "the worm" is the long-suffering public and what makes "it" turn are DRIVES. Mr. Man is getting peeved at being asked to "buy a flower" and Mrs. Woman WON'T. In fact, she's a bit catty and becomes mentally personal when some flapper approaches her with an out-stretched bunch of flowers and jingling coin box.

"Drives" are associated with the war. The war's over. Mr. Man and Mrs. Woman think drives should be relegated to the past also. Charitable organizations, take the hint! Think up a new way of raising the money you need!

• • •

MANY people ask me what a flapper is. Some define her as a scatter-brained youngster with all the trimming on the outside of her head and a vacuum within.

I don't agree. I think the average flapper has sense. We all admit that she is wonderfully wise. But I think her two flat-heeled little shoes are planted firmly on the ground.

I think there is shrewdness mixed with her gaiety, cleverness with her lightheartedness, love with her apparent disdain of sentiment. I think she's a great little girl. I think she's all right!

• • •

THE other day I passed an antique furniture store and I stopped, for Lucinda caught my eye. If you didn't have a Lucinda in your home when you were a little girl you haven't known all the joys there are in life.

Lucinda always belonged to "mother" when she was a little girl. She was the most precious of your dolls. The Lucinda in the shop window looked troubled and sad. She wore her flowered muslin with the neck cut low and well down over the shoulders, but it was grindy and mussed. Her black taffeta apron with its fringe and bow in the back didn't look as stiff and neat as it should, and her cap of black net with bow in front didn't hold in place the golden locks as a good little mother would have seen that it did.

Lucinda's body was of a ribbed material which we now associate with slouch plebian things as underwear. Her face was painted, her hands and feet were flat. Lucinda was plainly out o' luck. She was discarded, for sale, nobody wanted her. She held out her hands to the passers-by begging someone to take her home and love her as the little girls of long ago used to love her. I hated to leave her there—poor Lucinda.

All Aboard for Merriland Camp

THE Girls' City Club opens its Camp Merriland at Wells, Maine, next Saturday. This camp is novel inasmuch as it is run by a committee of girls who are members of the Girls' City Club on Newbury street. They make up a budget, hire the staff, run the registration and formulate the camp policy.

For several years they have done this, so that now it has become a regular feature of the club year. The camp is owned by Henry Parsons of New York, who gives the club the use of the place. The camp combines the beauty of country and sea shore and offers to girls the kind of life which expensive camps advertise. There is tennis, basketball and a swimming pool within a stone's throw of the camp, while salt water bathing is participated in with the aid of "Minnie," the camp truck. Every day "Minnie" is loaded up with human freight and every one goes in for a swim in the ocean.

There are overnight trips with sleeping in the open, canoeing up the river, picnics with open fires and suppers in a campers; there are other trips to York, Ogunquit, Old Orchard, Portland and other places of interest.

Girls live in middies and knickers and for two weeks enjoy real camp life. Miss Helen Mooney is chairman of the Merriland Camp committee.

(Additional Notes of Summer Resorts on Page 5 E)

Society
for over 75 years has relied upon Gouraud's Oriental Cream to keep the skin and complexion in perfect condition through the stress of the season's activities.
Send 15c. for Trial Size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
New York City
Gouraud's
Oriental Cream

T. D. Whitney Company
Linen Specialists Since 1796

By the Measure of Our Broad Experience as Linen Specialists

We Can Offer Such Values as These

3000 Pure Linen Dish Towels — Pure Linen and hemmed ready for use. It will pay you to buy them by the dozen. Each 2(

100 dozen All Linen Dish Towels, cut one yard long, and hemmed. For this sale... 39c

200 dozen Glass Towels of linen, with blue and red borders. For this sale.... 4

Roller Towels

50 dozen only in this lot. Two and one-half yards long. Good quality pure linen crash. At each..... 9

IT IS HIGH TIDE IN Cotton Materials

BETTER MAKE YOUR SELECTION NOW

We have Lorraine Ginghams—a quality you can depend upon to tub well, and to prove in every other way most satisfactory. A yard 59c

Tissue Ginghams are most desirous for mid-summer wear, whether for town, country or seashore. A yard..... 49c

Dotted Voile in colors that are unusual; smart for Porch Dresses. At, per yard.... 39c

T. D. Whitney Company
Everything in Linens
37-39 Temple Place—Boston 10—25-31 West Street

Jays
Boston
Temple Place
Eleven

Bathing Suits—
The Wearable Kind

Just as women have found Jays outer apparel to be rightly chosen in every detail, so they will find the bathing suits in the section which is a new departure this season. Such clever touches distinguish them from the average surf-suit, and yet there isn't a fussy thing about them—they're just what women want—simple, jaunty and *wearable*. And just as practical are the prices, too.

Surf Satin
Knitted
Jersey
Gingham
Taffeta

See the Excellent Taffeta Suit at 7.90
See the Little Surf-Satin Suit at 2.90
See the Knitted Swimming Suit at 4.90
See the Jersey Suit with Knickers at 13.90

News of Interest To Society—by Mrs. C. H. Washburn

Inauguration of Summer Season

By Mrs. C. H. Washburn

ALREADY, with open air horse shows at almost every available Summer centre, with garden parties and a number of other assonable al fresco attractions to make an ideal co-partnership between nature and charity, the Summer of 1922 may be said to be definitely on. Especially conspicuous at several of the more prominent New York State country homes is this garden development, the utilizing of splendid estates for humanitarian benefits and later on we shall be sure to hear of this admirable movement in Summer places nearer home.

In a different direction, in the general schedule, horse shows and racing are to be more than ever a feature of the Summer. Already are they started in a large way with the 29th annual Westchester country horse show, the patronesses of the suburban charity ball which it followed, included that exclusive atmosphere. The Newport horse show in which Boston always has a large interest comes late this year, during the last August week, and charity, too, goes with it, for the proceeds are to be given to the Newport Community House. The class of ladies' hunters this year will take in some of the younger members in the cottage colony and there are several other new ones being arranged.

At our nearer North Shore there is a promise of one of the liveliest seasons in late years. The Essex County, Myopia, and Montserrat clubs are busy with their golf and tennis programs, the Myopia is especially interested in the news received last week that the Montreal Polo Club will come to Hamilton for a tournament in July. Preparations are being made at Marblehead for the annual visit of the New York Yacht Club. Coming nearer, still, is the rose exhibition in Horticultural Hall in Manchester, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week with prizes by Mesdames Allen Curtis, Walter Scott Fitz, Charles Cotting and other leaders of the colony. Mr. Russell Codman is president of the society.

Friday and Saturday of this week bring the two days' polo tournament at Princemere which Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Prince have loaned for the occasion, the first day's receipts to go to the Hospital Department of the Community Service and those on Saturday to the Y. M. C. A. Club at Charlestown. In addition to the games by international players, there will be a high jumping contest. Flowers and peas are to be sold, with other features.

It will be a fine year, too, for cruising races. The Eastern Yacht Club boats will start from Marblehead on the fifth of July for Bar Harbor, whence they will sail back to Marblehead for the Norman cup contest in which a number of New York yachts will take part. Commodore Harold Vanderbilt has ordered the Newport Yacht Club to gather at Newport the opening day of August, making the first time for a number of years since the rendezvous has been in that City-By-the-Sea.

In more personal direction, the week has had for its largest event, Class Day and Commencement, with the atmosphere which society brings at both, especially that part of it in which the young people dominate, the flock tea, of course, standing out first of all for their co-operation. Unfortunately the weather was not as propitious as it might have been but better than the morning promised. Naturally with such environment, the attendance was not as large as in former years and certainly there was a decided difference with coats and wraps for protection over filmy gowns, detracting somewhat from the brilliancy of the color scheme.

Of course, as far as brides were concerned, there were few if any, as Class Day week is proverbial for their absence on the program. Miss Howell whose marriage to Mr. Kidder at the Cathedral of St. Paul yesterday afternoon made almost the only conspicuous one. The same office will be the scene on Tuesday of the marriage of Miss Winslow and Mr. McCagg, bringing a New York bride-to and followed the next day by at of Miss Perkins and Mr. Goodale, of Framingham. Thursday Miss Warren and Mr. Whitman are to be married at Trinity Church, a no con- cerning. On Saturday of this week, the first day of July, Hamilton will be on fete for the marriage of Miss Thomas and Davis, completing a week th as many ceremonials as ing the first June days. For the cottage colony in Newport the arrival of the battleship Maryland, flagship of the Atlantic fleet, with Vice-Admiral Rory Jones, for a ten days' stay gave the season a brilliant opening. Rear Admiral and Mrs. Graves entertained for the Admiral on the first night after

PHOTO BY HENRY HAYLOCK PIERCE

MRS. JOHN CORDON WINCHESTER

MISS MARGERY KENNARD

PHOTO BY BACHRACH

MISS FLORENCE BROWN

PHOTO BY BACHRACH

the Maryland's arrival, and the Harry Payne Whitneys on their large steam yacht, were also among the entertainers. The Nourmahal, the Vincent Astors' power yacht where Mr. and Mrs. Gerry Chadwick, formerly of Boston, and John Codman were guests on board also received and entertained the Admiral and his officers.

Preparations are already under way by the Lenox colony for the Independence Day celebration in which Stockbridge also will share. Miss Kate Carey who has a Boston following and who is of the most energetic on the woman's committee at Lenox, of which she is chairman, is arranging a parade with floats and there is to be a block dance on the pavement in front of the Red Lion Inn, Stockbridge, on the eve of the Fourth.

Across seas seldom has England seen such a week with a more promising program than that just passed on in which a record breaking number of Americans had a share as spectators at least. The King and Queen went to the Olympia horse show on Monday and the next day saw the beginning of the open golf championship tournament at Sandwich. Then, the arrival of the Prince of Wales at Plymouth from his long trip to India and the far East made a tremendous excitement and interest, the street thronged with girls under the supervision of the Queen Mother Alexandra, sailing roses for charity. Wednesday night brought the second Court of the season at Buckingham Palace and the next day the birthday of the Prince of Wales when he was to attend a dance the Duchess of Devonshire was giving. Besides which the followers of sport in which a number of Americans took part, had the Davis cup elimination matches at various places in the country.

Brilliant Wedding at St. Paul's

THERE was a large and distinguished company at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday afternoon for the marriage of Miss Julia Edwards Lowell and Henry Parkhill Kidder. Their ceremony, at four o'clock was performed by the Rev. William Greenough Thayer of the Southboro School, where Mr. Kidder prepared for Harvard. The bride who is a tall, slender brunette, was distinctly handsome in her gown of white satin almost entirely covered with rare old family lace, some of which had been worn by her mother. The rose point veil was of exquisite design. The bouquet was of valley lillies and gardenias.

The elder sisters, Mrs. Charles Ward Cheney (Sylvia Howell), and Miss Frances Howell, the matron and maid of honor, were most attractive in their lovely gowns of coral pink chiffon covered with ecru lace. The bridesmaids, the Misses Edith Lamb, Julia Ripley and Charlotte Moseley, sister debutantes of the bride a year ago last Winter, and Miss Elizabeth Robinson, the daughter of Mrs. Charles L. P. Robinson (Elizabeth Beach), of "Manatuck Farm," Hartford, Ct., wore similar gowns and hats, excepting that the coloring was of a rich blue-green tone.

Mrs. George Dawson Howell, the mother of the bride, was in a rich gown of biscuit colored lace and with deep girdle, the black hat done with flowers shading from purple to cories. Mrs. Howell comes from an old Dorchester family, her late father, Charles Hurd, a prominent lawyer in his day. Mrs. Edward W. Hutchins (Susan Hurd) of Beacon street, is a sister. Mrs. Charles A. Kidder, the mother of the bridegroom, wore a lovely gown of dove gray and hat of the same tone.

George Hall Burnett was his cousin's best man, and in the group of ushers were Robert Burnett Choate, another cousin, his home now in Washington; Alfred and Charles H. Howell, the bride's brothers, her cousin, Edward Hutchins; with William Greenough Thayer, Jr., his father officiating clergyman; Samuel E. Peabody, Harvard '13 man, with Mr. Kidder, Richard D. Sears, Jr., who graduated the following year, his course like those of the bridegroom and Mr. Sears, interrupted by the war; Lloyd Means and DeWolfe Gibson. The reception was at the Howell home on Beacon street.

Polo Tournament at Princemere

THERE is increasing interest as the time approaches in the two days' polo tournament with international players at "Princemere." Mr. F. H. Prince's Wenham estate, on Friday and Saturday of this week. The first day will be for the benefit of the Community Service Hospital Department for Wounded Veterans. On the next day, which brings in July, will be a Navy Day for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. Army and Navy Club of Charlestown, with the Navy Yard Band, with exhibition polo matches between teams of international players. Afterwards tea will be served. If it rains the next pleasant day will be taken.

Leading the list of patronesses are Mesdames Clarence Edwards and Henry A. Wiley, with Mesdames Frederick H. Prince, Jr., Louis Coolidge, Allan Forbes, H. P. McKean, Jr., Philip Stockton, Harold J. Coolidge, S. V. R. Crosby, James Cunningham Gray, Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., Bayard Warren, George von L. Meyer, George W. Wheelright, r., John Balch, Gamaliel Bradford and Alvin Bortwell; also Miss Olivia Ames.

Miss Winslow of Week's Brides

DEAN ROOSMANIERE is to officiate at the marriage of Miss Katherine Gridden Winslow and Louis Butler McCagg, Jr., to take place at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's on Tuesday of this week at 4 o'clock. Miss Winslow, who is petite, with brown hair and delicate coloring, is a handsome girl and should make a distinguished bride as well. Miss Eleanor Winslow is to be her sister's maid of honor, the other attendants Miss Anna Winslow, the oldest of the three sisters; Miss Augusta McCagg, sister of the bridegroom elect, and the Misses Nell White, Ross Fessenden, Helene Sullivan and Corinna Hallowell, all sister debutantes with Miss Winslow a year ago last Winter; also Miss Ethel Cummins and Mrs. Geoffrey Story Smith (Katharine Coolidge), both of whom came out the past season, the latter a bride of June 17th, when Miss Winslow and Mr. McCagg were of the wedding party. Edward King McCagg, to enter the junior class at Harvard in the Autumn, is to be best man for his brother, and in the group of ushers will be W. Ogden McCagg, the youngest of the three sons of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McCagg (Edith Edgar King), a student at St. George's School; Frederic R. King of New York, Harvard '98, relative of the prospective bridegroom; Robert Cutler of the '16 class, and William Jay Schieffelin, Jr., also of New York, a Yale '14 man, who married Annette Marlow; also John Nicholas Brown, William Douglas Burden and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of New York, Geoffrey Storey Smith of Philadelphia, Philip Mason Sears of Brookline and Malcolm Bradlee of Beacon street, all of whom received their degree from Harvard last week with Mr. McCagg and all, except Mr. Bradlee, hosts with him at the Beck tea.

Later there will be a small reception at 77 Mount Vernon street for the relatives and more intimate friends.

At New London for Boat Races

OF the Harvard men in different classes at New London for the races were Dr. William E. Ladd, '02, and Messrs. George Mumford, '87; James Otis, '20; Hugh D. Scott, '20; Harold J. Coolidge, '02; William S. Paton, '05; George C. Amory, '04, and Paul Bagon Watson, '81. Many steam yachts were in the harbor, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney having, perhaps, the largest party on board his Whitneymo. From New York, Mrs. Goodhue Livingston, Jr., who has a Boston following, took down a party of young people, and so did Mrs. Charles T. Lovering. Commodore Herbert M. Sears of the Eastern Yacht Club made his first cruise to Newport this year on the flagship Constellation, and later took his party on to New London.

Society's Doings Here and There

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM O. P. MORGAN from New York, the latter formerly Christiana Councilman, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William T. Councilman of Bay State road, had a number of friends to see them off on the Cunard S. S. Berengaria, sailing out from New York on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Sargent were of the number of arrivals at Greylock in Lenox the first of the week. Mrs. Sargent (Dagmah Wetmore) is a sister of Mrs. Arthus L. Devens of Beacon street. The Sargents have a country place at Cedarhurst, Long Island, where they will go later and are always of the leading cottage entertainers.

Mrs. S. Parkman Shaw of Marlboro street, and her sister, Miss Mary Bramwell, who makes her home at the Colony Club in New York, sailed from New York yesterday for a six weeks' motor trip through England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hansen Rhoades came over from New York that Mr. Rhoades might attend the thirtieth reunion of his Harvard class. Mr. Rhoades' first wife was Katharine Kimball of Commonwealth avenue. The Summer home is at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, where they arrived yesterday.

Mrs. William Laird Orr, who came over from her new home in New Jersey to be an attendant at the Cross Hill wedding at Emmanuel Church in the mid-month, the reception at the Somerset, and stayed on with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Ames at the Chestnut street house, left yesterday to join her husband.

Miss Borland Married Yesterday

THERE was a notable group of Boston men going over for the wedding yesterday at Mount Kisco, New York, of Susan Colman Borland and Thomas Perkins Brooks of Concord, his parents the Henry Brookses. Nelson Borland, brother of bride, Francis Brooks, a cousin of the bridegroom; Preble Motley, Charles Greenough, Williams Prescott, son of the Rev. and Mrs. George J. Prescott, and Richard Saltonstall made up the group of ushers, mostly Harvard '15 men with the bridegroom.

Mrs. Brooks will spend part of the Summer in Concord, but will make their home in Boston. Mrs. James Jackson is an aunt of the bride; and Frederick Brooks an uncle of the bridegroom. Both families had their representation at the wedding.

At Harvard's Beck Tea

THERE was the usual large gathering of society at Beck Hall Tuesday afternoon for the tea following the Stadium exercises. Of the prospective brides there was Miss Katharine Winslow, whose wedding to Louis Butler McCagg, Jr., of New York, one of the hosts, takes place on Tuesday at St. Paul's Cathedral, and with them was the former's mother Mrs. George Scott Winslow, and Miss Ellen White. Mrs. Winslow wore blue crepe and a brown hat, Miss Winslow paled pink chiffon with white lace and a pink plumed hat, and Miss White, buttercup chiffon and a large hat.

John Crocker of Fitchburg had in his party his fiancee, Miss Mary Hallowell with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Penrose Hallowell; Mr. Hallowell, the chief marshal of class day, and her sister, Miss Hannah Hallowell. Mrs. Hallowell wore gray brocaded satin with bands of sable and a gray hat. Miss Hallowell, yellow dotted muslin with white lace, and Miss Hannah Hallowell, a similarly built gown of pink dotted muslin. The hats were alike, Leghorn with varicolored sweet peas.

Richmond Keith Kane, the first marshal of his class, had in his party his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Higbee Kane, who brought a party up from Newport by motor, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Judge (Annis Lyman). Mrs. Kane was in blue voile with white lace and a blue hat with paler tinted flowers. Mrs. Judge wore beige chiffon and lace with red beaded embroidery and a large black hat.

With Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Sears, whose older son, Philip Mason Sears, was of the hosts were Mr. Herbert Sears, his daughters, Mrs. Bayard Tuckerman Jr., and Mrs. Bayard Warren, Mr. Warren and Mrs. Guy Lowell. Mrs. Sears was in royal blue crepe and a black plumed hat; Mrs. Tuckerman's gown was of beige crepe with embroidery, the large black hat had on it black and yellow plumes; Mrs. Warren wore ecru crepe with a dark brown hat; Mrs. Lowell was all in rich black.

FOR this most anticipated and smartest Class Day festivity Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson brought a notable party, their guests including Miss Withers of New York and Newport, a relative of Mr. Kane, the first marshal, and William Bayard Dellker, Harvard '88, and classmate of Mr. Anderson, who came from his home in Los Angeles, California, early in June in time for the silver anniversary of the Andersons' wedding at which he was an usher, and which event was celebrated at Weld on the fourth of the month. Mrs. Anderson was in dark blue crepe with blue and red beaded embroidery and a blue hat with red fruit; and Miss Withers in white and black foulard and a black hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Barron Watson, whose son John Whitman Watson was of the hosts, had in a party including Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Watson, Mrs. Watson in blue beaded crepe and a large black hat, and her daughter-in-law wearing white chiffon and lace and a brown flower-trimmed hat. President and Mrs. A. Lawrence Lowell were of the earliest arrivals, making only a short stay as did many of the guests because of the unfortunate weather conditions. Mrs. Lowell was all in black with pearls.

Others were Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Hallowell, the latter wearing mauve taffeta and a Leghorn hat with pansies; Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Porter and Miss Peggy Porter with a party of young people, Miss Porter in dark brown brocaded chiffon and a plumed hat to match, and her daughter in pink crepe and a plumed hat of the same coloring; Mrs. John F. Moors in dark brown Liberty and a lighter toned lace hat, with her niece, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine Storer, who wore black satin muslin foulard in white with bands of narrow white lace and a large black hat with a cluster of pink flowers; and Dr. and Mrs. Charles J. White, the latter in blue crepe with white lace and a large brown hat.

Also Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant P. Bliss, Miss Ellen Curtis and Miss King, the latter in ecru lace and a brown hat with orange flowers; Mr. and Mrs. Cushing Goodhue. Mrs. Goodhue in cream colored lace with beaded embroidery and touches of black tulle and a large black hat; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Bradlee, the last named wearing lavender Liberty and a large brown hat, and Mrs. Bradlee's sisters, Miss Mary Thomas and Mrs. Henry Smith Thompson, with the latter's two young daughters, Miss Thomas in brown with a tan hat, and Mrs. Thompson in white lace with touches of pink and a pink flower trimmed hat.

Katherine Lane wore the gowns of yellow embroidered organdy and the flower-trimmed hats in which they served as bridesmaids at the Lothrop-Abbott wedding on Easter Monday; Miss Marion Whiteside, whose brother, Frederick Shattuck Whiteside, was with her, was in white embroidered muslin and a sky blue hat with variegated organdy flowers; Miss Corina Higginson in white lace over pink and a large pink plumed hat, and Miss Elizabeth Councilman, blue chiffon and a leghorn hat with orange plumes.

Mr. and Mrs. George Saltonstall West had a party including Mrs. Oliver Ames, Jr., Mrs. West wearing white chiffon and a large black hat, and Mrs. Ames gray crepe with chenille embroidery and a black hat. Mrs. John C. Gray was in blue beaded chiffon and a purple hat with shaded flowers, and her daughter, Mrs. Henry D. Tuday, in gray combined with blue and a gray hat. Miss Edith Bremer who was with her fiance, Henry Hardwick Faxon, was attractive in cream colored lace with girdle of pale blue flowers and a hat of the latter tone banked with the flowers. Miss Rose Fessenden, with her fiance, Edward L. Bigelow, was in periwinkle crepe combined with ecru and a leghorn hat done in the blue.

Others in the brilliant company were Dr. and Mrs. Henry Alexander Murray, Jr., Josephine Hantoul from New York, Mrs. Murray wearing Harding blue crepe and a hat of the same tone with cluster of small yellow blossoms; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Hoyt, Sr. (Alice Sohiery), formerly of New York, Mrs. Hoyt in black lace over gray and a black hat with white flowers; Miss Elizabeth Atkinson of Baltimore, one of the bridesmaids at the recent Rice-Lyman wedding at Emmanuel, wearing dark brown foulard and a large hat; Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. storey, the latter in dark blue crepe and a red flower-trimmed hat; Mr. and Mrs. David M. Little, Jr., Mrs. Little in yellow and a black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs. George D. Howell, blue crepe and a black hat, and Mrs. Henry C. Evers in dark blue and a blue hat with white flowers.

Besides was Mrs. Robert H. Stevenson distinguished in gray crepe and a large black hat, and with her was her niece, Miss Alice Thomas, in brown and white and a Leghorn hat. With Mr. and Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge, 3d, was the former's sister, Miss Elsa Coolidge, the women in dark blue dresses and hats; Mr. and Mrs. J. Mott Hallowell, the latter in black crepe with gold embroidery and a large black hat with touches of gold; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bancroft, the latter wearing black and white foulard and a white hat; Mr. and Mrs. George M. Cushing and Miss Alice Cushing, Mrs. Cushing's gown of taupe brocade and chiffon and the hat of brown lace crepe with a dark brown hat; Mrs. Lowell was all in rich black.

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Movements of Summer Colonists

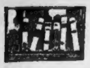
THE Rev. Mr. Carey, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Beverly Farms, and Mrs. Frank Benis of the Summer colony have returned from their trip to England, where, after visiting cathedral towns, they spent some time in London.

The Frank Sosburys have with them at the Beverly Farms cottage their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Hoyt, Jr., from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Soloman P. Strattan are to have with them later at their Summer home in Petersham, Mass., their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Nicls Christiensens, and the children, who come on every Summer from their home in Beaufort, South Carolina. The Strattans' Beacon street house was closed the last of May.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooks Fenno are at Miss B. B. Wister's, Beverly Cove cottage for the Summer, with their daughter, Miss Fenno and their son, J. Brooks Fenno, Jr., for several years the Fennos were at Beverly Farms.

At Col. William D. Sohier's house on Burgess Point are the Herbert Brainwell Shaws, Mr. Sohier's son-in-law and daughter, and the two small children, boy and girl. Later on, the Shaws go to Northeast Harbor.



Life Love and Laughter

THE WORLD IS THEIRS -:- -:- By J. W. McGurk

Lonely Hearts

Each day the Editor is piled with questions as to the rules and regulations of the LONELY HEART column as to the eligibility of members.

ANYONE who is lonely may write to the Lonely Heart column of the BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, either to the Editor or to the members of the club.

If you wish to have your letter appear in the column, you must select a PEN NAME, which can be used for publication and also must sign your own name and address to the letter. All names and addresses are held in strict confidence by the Editor and are NEVER printed or given to other correspondents.

If you wish to correspond with a member of the club whose letter appears in the paper, address YOUR letter to the LONELY ...RT EDITOR, BOSTON ...Y ADVERTISER, 309 Wash...n street, Boston, and enclose ...amped envelope for forward...on which in pencil you write ...PEN NAME of the person ... whom you wish to corre...d.

... become a member of the ... you MUST REGISTER your ... and address with the ...ly Hearts Editor. This makes ... eligible for all meetings and activities.

...s club was not formed for ...monial purposes, but merely ...omote the spirit of good fel...ip among persons who lacked ...pportunity of forming desir... friendships.

...L MEMBERS must be of ...D MORAL CHARACTER and ...ommittee reserves the right ...cept or reject any applicant ...membership.

... Editor:
... there any man who is middle ... that would like to correspond ... a refined lady who is merry ... enjoys fun of all kinds, but is ... lonesome? Would prefer a blue-eyed man. JUNE.

... Editor:
Is there any young man between the age of 25 and 30 that is refined but lonesome that would like to correspond with a nice girl who has good looks, talent and is anything one could wish? She has brown eyes and hair, is 5 feet 5 inches, so naturally would prefer a tall blue-eyed man. If so write to me. MAGNOLIA.

Editor Lonely Hearts:
I am a girl of thirty-five. I'm very lonely. Will some nice man of my age please write to. LONESOME K.

Dear Editor:
I would like to correspond with and eventually meet a Catholic young lady between twenty-eight and thirty-five. I am thirty-six years of age, weigh 150 pounds, and am 5 feet, 4 inches in height. CUPID.

Dear Editor:
Won't some nice young girl between the age of eighteen and twenty, write to a lonesome lad of Boston? I am twenty-one years of age, honest, and respectable. Am talented, and like a good time. FRANKIE.

Lonely Heart Editor:
I am a widow of twenty-eight years old, enjoy all kinds of sports and a great lover of dancing. Won't someone write? ROD.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:
Is there a lady or gentlemen who would like to correspond with a widiw, age forty-eight, brunette, Protestant, refined and have a good disposition. "Pal 2" letter sounds good, but would appreciate a letter from a respectable, clean and broad-minded gentleman or lady as I find it very lonely at times. HELEN L.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:
I am a widower, 61 year old and very lonely. I would like to correspond with some refined widow who is as lonely as myself; would prefer one about 45 to 55 years. I am 5 feet 2 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds; would prefer one about same height; also a Protestant. HOME BODY.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:
I am a young lady of good character, 21 years old and employed in an office. I have light hair and blue eyes. I enjoy all kinds of clean sports. Would like to communicate with some nice respectable Protestant gentleman over twenty-one. HELEN A. C.

Dear Lonely Hearts Editor.
I am a widow thirty-six years of age. I would like to correspond with and perhaps meet some good fellow between the ages of thirty-five and forty years. I am very lonely and will answer all letters. Perhaps there is a lonely-hearted fellow in Maine somewhere who would write to "BANNOCKBURN."

Editor Lonely Hearts:
Am a very lonely girl of nineteen, and would like to correspond with some nice young fellow, Catholic preferred, between twenty and twenty-three, not over five foot six. I am five feet, have dark blue eyes and very dark brown hair. I love dancing and motoring and am out for a good time all the time, provided it is of the right kind. Would also like to hear from some nice Catholic girls between eighteen and twenty. "ROSEMARY GARLAND."

Lonely Heart Editor:
We are three lonely girls all eighteen years of age, and would like to correspond with three nice young fellows between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two. We are between five foot four to five foot five inches tall, and are considered fair looking. We are fond of all sports, including dancing. THREE LONESOME LASSIES.

Lonely Heart Editor:
Am a young lady of 5 feet 5 inches, dark complexioned, weight about 122 pounds, quiet disposition. Would like to hear from a gentleman around the age of forty years. SENSIBLE KAY.

Dear Lonely Hera Editor:
I'm a young girl of seventeen years old. I have dark brown eyes and brown hair. I am a French girl. I'm 5 feet tall and would like very much to correspond with a gentleman of Irish or French descent. FRENCH ROSE.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:
Am practically a stranger here in town. Would like to hear from some nice Jewish girl, "Alice in Wonderland" or "Bess B." preferred. HAL B.

EXPERIENCE
Edited by EMILY ATKINS

WE pay for everything we get in this old world of ours, in one way or another. A good housekeeper, before she buys, inquires the price and considers WHETHER THE GOODS ARE WORTH IT. The manufacturer considers the price of materials he must order and figures before he buys, so that he may be sure of a profit.

But with our love, our youth, our health, our strength, we are prodigal. We dissipate the wealth with which we were endowed by nature, we never look at our balance sheet, we never consider whether we are getting sufficient returns for the price we are paying.

To youth, health, strength, energy, buoyancy, come from a source inexhaustible. As the reservoirs begin to go dry comes the awakening. Sometimes it is too late. Sometimes, with care and a quick return to normalcy, the damage can be remedied.

If you are young, heed what I say. If you are middle-aged or old it doesn't matter.

EMILY ATKINS.

The Complete Story of One Flapper

Dear Miss Atkins:

I HAVE so often read about the flapper and her wise little sayings, thinking herself O. K. and pretty and smart, that I'm going to tell of a tragedy in my own family and I pray God that those flappers who read it will think twice and not just say, "Oh, well, that won't happen to me," for it's just what this girl said. See what happened to her.

She is my first cousin, a pretty and lively girl. To our sorrow she began to ape the flappers and run around a lot. We talked to her and tried to find good, congenial friends for her, but she said we were slow and laughed at us.

She began to paint outrageously, dressed badly and was free of speech. She was out all the time and came in at all unearthly hours. At the time she was eighteen years old and on her way to ruin. Her dad did his best for her and after an especially revolting episode of hers, he punished her severely. Then she ran away. She left a note telling us all she wouldn't come to any harm, but we were slow and she wanted a good time and lots of clothes.

A short while after I met her on the streets of Hartford, Ct., where I had gone on a visit. I was shocked beyond words at her appearance. She was dressed in the latest of style, with short skirts and rolled socks, her hat over one ear, painted to perfection and with a devil-may-care look. I stopped her and asked her to come home with me. But she laughed in my face, gave me some of this wise talk flappers are so keen to give and said all she wanted was a good time, and that she wouldn't come to any harm.

Well, she did, Miss Atkins, for she got loose talking and acting like a regular rowdie. Taking joy rides, smoking, drinking. Wild parties and jazzing finished her.

She came home to us a year ago, a broken, spiritless girl, afflicted with a disease for which there is no cure Forever an outcast, she can never marry, never have the joy of a home of her own, or children. And she is not yet twenty-one!

She was a flapper. Today her pace tells its own story. Health and spirit broken, she doesn't care to face outsiders. We seldom see her smile and she's old and haggard.

Girls, every word of this is true, as God is my judge. It has cost me an effort to write such a sordid story. Please tame down, you so-called flappers, for you are bringing about your own ruin. There is something else in life besides clothes and a good time, you'll find out to your regret. Both of these things which you crave can be found within the bounds of decency.

Worcester. Experience.

I think comments on this letter would be superfluous. It is complete. Only this, "Experience." There is a cure for the disease. It's long and tedious, but it can be cured, whether it is the disease of the blood or whether it has attacked the nervous system. Don't wait until she rots to death. See that she gets treatment now!

American Women Only Fair Weather Pals?

Dear Miss Atkins:

IT was with indignation and surprise, "Disabled Vet," that I read your letter condemning the flapper as "immoral and vicious." While I certainly agree with you in that I would prefer a European girl to an American as a wife, I heartily disagree that the American is immoral.

I have also been in Europe, and as I could speak the languages of the countries I visited, and was neither in the army or navy, I believe I had a better opportunity to meet the girls there than you.

If you study the social conditions over there, especially as regards the sexes, you will find morality stands on a considerably higher plane here. Evidently you do not know what you are saying and judge all by a few. Girls over there have not the same freedom and independence the flapper has, but nevertheless I cannot see that their standard of morality is better than our own.

The trouble with the flapper is that she is inclined to be immodest and too independent. She is absolutely useless as a housekeeper and the majority cannot boil water without burning it. Her idea is life consists of one good time after another. She is what we call "a fair weather companion." She is not vicious but friendly; she is not immoral, only immodest. If life were all "plain sailing" give me the flapper. But life is not. There is many a "stormy sea to cross." Give me the European girl.

Wellesley. VIKING.

The flapper may be all that you say, "Viking," but nevertheless, an American woman of the right sort will cross many a stormy sea with never a whine or whimper if she cross it with the man she loves. European women haven't cornered all the courage, sympathy and fortitude. American women have a good share of it and although they may prefer things "soft," show them the emergency and they will rise to it every time and come through smiling!

B. S., CHELSEA—The best way to get work to do at home would be to apply to some agency in Chelsea, I should think. Put an ad in the Chelsea paper or go to the Family Welfare Association. The latter could probably give you addresses where you could get work.

LONESOME, SOMERVILLE, says: "Although I am new to Boston, I like the girls here much better than anywhere else. I was disgusted with "Batch" and his letter. I'm a flapper and would love to shake hands with the president of the Flapper's Club who wrote in. Hurray for our side!"

HEARTBROKEN, FALL RIVER—I guess the reason you don't like the French boy, little French girl, is because he "does just what you tell him to." Probably your Portuguese friend tells you what to do. Your refrain seems to be, "I don't care," but you know we can't go through life that way. We have to care for other people's opinions and for the consequences of our own foolish acts. It's an inexorable law, so go slow and think before you act. Good luck!

This feature appears each day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Wisdom of Babes

What is the brightest thing your baby has ever said? This paper offers $1 for each letter published.

This Feature Appears Every D... in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

ONE of my friends has a ca...nary which has a black band around the right foot. The other day I took my 3½-year-old sister over there. She saw the canary ... the cage on the table and said:

"Lookit! The chicky wears ga...ters, too."

DOROTHY AKER.
No. 31 Stebbins street, Springfield.

Funniest Joke I Ever Heard

This paper will pay $1 fo... every joke printed.

This Feature Appears Every ... in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

MY girl refused to marry ... I said to her:

"I'll get a revolver and blow ... brains out."

She said: "Don't go to the ... pense of buying a revolver; ge... pinch of snuff and sneeze."

CHARLES A. WINSO...
181 High street, Woonsoc... R. I.

Recipes

This paper will pay $1 f... every recipe printed.

This Feature Appears Every ... in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

STRAWBERRY FLOAT

ONE cup powdered sugar, w... of 1 egg, beaten stiff, 1 ... crushed strawberries. Beat all ... gether. Serve with soft cust... made of 1 pint of milk, 4 ta... spoons sugar, yolk of 1 egg, ar... whole egg, 2 teaspoons corn sta...

MRS. C. F. NORWOO...
28 Calhoun av., Everett.

PECAN SAUSAGES

Meat may not be a necessity, ... care should be taken to furnish ... table with a nourishing substit... Under this head comes a nut d... like the following:

ONE pint pecan nuts ... through the chopper, add ... teaspoonful salt, dash of pepper ... tablespoonful sage. 1 cup cool ... cream of wheat, 1 beaten egg.

Make into round cakes, flou... baking tin and bake the cakes ... minutes in hot oven. Serve on ... plate with white or tomato sau...

C. DOMET...
237 Berkeley st., Boston.

Daily Horoscope

This Feature Appears Every I... in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

WHAT THE STARS PREDIC...

This is an unlucky day.

Many strange philosphies will ... supported by large groups ... people, it is prophesied.

A strike that grows slowly a... is little noticed by the newspape... will become extremely importan...

The position of the stars ... unfavorable to agriculture a... cold, wet weather in certain par... of the country may injure crops.

Complications in internation... affairs are again prophesied.

(Copyright, 1922, by The McClure Syndic... Inc.)

"For The Woman Who Cares"

She Uses Two Facial Creams—and Laughs at Birthdays!

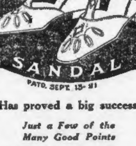
When her son takes her to the theatre people think she is his sister. He is proud of her radiant youthfulness and—people are amazed! Her friends have to figure her age with pencil and paper and then cannot believe their calculations. She defies time—she is the wonder of the day—she is the Modern Woman. Thousands of women are staying young today by merely taking a little care of their complexions. Every woman should and every woman can! A pure cleansing cream applied before retiring will clear the complexion and keep your skin free from blemishes—and radiantly youthful.

A day cream will keep dust and dirt from the pores and will act as a base for powder and rouge. Plexo Cleansing (Cold) Cream and Greaseless (Vanishing) Cream are absolutely pure and possess that delightful softness and rare fragrance so desirable in facial preparations.

Sample Tubes are now packed in every package. A sample of Greaseless (Vanishing) Cream is packed in every jar of Cleansing (Cold) Cream, and a sample of Cleansing (Cold) Cream is given with each jar of Greaseless (Vanishing) Cream.
Should you purchase a jar of either cream which does not contain a tube—send the front of the package to Plexo Preparations, Inc., 94 No. Moore St., New York, and a sample tube will be sent you free of charge.

PLEXO
Greaseless (Vanishing) Cream — Cleansing (Cold) Cream

Plexo Cleansing (Cold) Cream acts as a rare tonic as well as a remover of dirt and grime. Application before retiring or after exposure to dust or weather will prove refreshing and beneficial. Your Druggist or Department Store can supply you. Tubes 35c, Jars 35c and 50c. Plexo Greaseless (Vanishing) Cream forms a delightful greaseless base for your make-up. This cream removes all grease and shine from the face and if desirable eliminates the necessity for powder. It gives the skin a healthy and natural color. At your Druggist or Department Store in 35c Tubes and 35c and 50c Jars.



Has proved a big success

Just a Few of the Many Good Points

It is light and pretty, has low heels, foot-form sole, fits high or low arch foot, used for street, house or dancing.

White, Black or Brown Kid	$6.00
Cheaper Grade	5.00
White Buckskin	7.00
Patent Colt	7.00
Grey Suede, Red or Green Kid	8.00

Send M. O. or We'll Send C. O. D.

BURNS
SHORT VAMP SHOES
525 So. Broadway
Los Angeles, Calif.

How to Make Perfect Strawberry Jam in 10 Minute[s]

New Certo Process Astonishes Housewives

Never Fails, Requires Only One Minute's Boiling, Retains all the Color a[nd] Flavor and Makes More Jam from Same Amount of Fruit

Strawberries are now plentiful at a low price, sugar is cheap and housewives are putting up strawberry jam as never before. Best of all, the brand new and never failing Certo process for making jams and jellies has eliminated every reason why any housewife should hesitate to make such a delicious conserve. Anyone can now make perfect strawberry jam in 10 minutes, at a very low cost, with all the flavor and color of the fruit retained.

Crush well in single layers about 2 quarts ripe berries, using wooden masher, crushing each berry and discarding all green parts. Add juice of 1 lemon. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries, including lemon juice, into large kettle. Add 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and mix well. Stir hard and contantly and bring to a **vigorous** boil over the hottest fire. **Boil hard** for one full minute with **continual** stirring. Remove from fire and add ½ bottle (scant half cup) CERTO, stirring it in well. From the time the jam is taken off the fire allow to stand 5 minutes only, **by the clock,** before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool slightly. Then pour quickly. Use this same recipe with raspberries, blackberries, dewberries and loganberries.

Important: **Best way to seal Jams and Jellies in open glasses.** Cover while hot with thin coat *hot* paraffin. Next day add tablespoonful *hot* paraffin to seal cracks around edge formed by shrinkage on cooling.

The former guess work and worry of making jam or jelly is now past. The Certo Process is endorsed by government authorities and cooking experts; it insures perfect results with every batch. It is also very economical, requiring only one minute's boiling and thereby makes two-thirds more jam or jelly than the old method. It also makes all kinds of jam or jelly, some you have never tasted before, like pineapple and rhubarb jelly, or combinations like strawberry and pineapple, etc. Many housewives with no little pride are exhibiting the new flavors and better quality of jams and jellies made w[ith] Certo.

Certo is absolutely pure—c[on]tains no gelatine or preservati[ve]. Housewives have received it w[ith] open arms because it is so cert[ain], so economical, so simple, and useful. They are recommending [it] to all their friends. Get a bo[ttle] of Certo with Certo Book of [Re]cipes containing the above [and] nearly 100 other recipes, from y[our] grocer or druggist at once. E[xtra] copies sent free if you write to Pectin Sales Company, Inc., East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. [Try] Certo right away with fresh [fruit] like strawberry or pineapple. T[hen] you will do all your preserving the new and modern way—the easy, economical and better Certo Process. Fine keeping qualities.

The CERTO Process makes better looking and better tasting Jams and Jellies *Takes only 1 minute's boiling*

CERTO (Surejell) "MOTHER NATURE'S YEAR ROUND JELL MAKER"

News of the Summer Resorts

Early Arrivals at Hampton Hill

HAMPTON HILL, June 24.—Hampton Hill, the quiet, restful spot so much enjoyed by its Summer visitors, is fast becoming one of the busy, hustling sections of Hull. During the past Winter many attractive cottages have been built, roads have been improved and attractive gardens laid out. Situated so ideally on the shores of Weir River, it makes a charming spot to sojourn in.

One of the earliest arrivals to the Circle Colony are Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarthy and two-year-old kiddie Francis, of West Roxbury. Mrs. McCarthy will be remembered as Ethel Brady of Forest Hills, whose wedding three seasons ago was an interesting event.

Also among the Circle's colony to recently open their home is Mrs. Mary Ormonde of Peter Parley road, Jamaica Plain, whose charming cottage is at the corner of Hampton Circle and Andrew road. The second daughter of the family, Theresa, a member of the teaching staff of the Continuation School, leaves for abroad the latter part of June.

Other prospective visitors to foreign lands are the Misses Sallie and Agnes Doherty of Cambridge, who have been hostesses to many joyful week-end parties at their Summer cottage on the Circle.

Quite the earliest arrivals of the Summer folks were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hines of the Fenway, whose cottage on Mayflower avenue displayed the open-house sign as early as May 1. Mrs. Hines will be recalled as Doris Dee, whose charming wedding in June, 1921, was a joyous event, where she shared honors with her sister Martha, whose marriage to Attorney Elmer Egan also was solemnized the same day. On their return to the city Mr. and Mrs. Hines are expecting to occupy their new home on the Jamaicaway, as near neighbors to His Honor Mayor Curley.

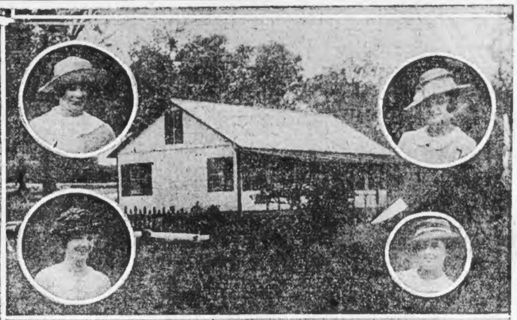
Trading in real estate has been especially active in this section, many homes having changed hands. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kopp of Dorchester have sold their place, The Ellsworth, on Moreland avenue, and are planning to erect a larger place on Mayflower avenue.

Thomas Doolan and family of Dorchester will be missed by their many Summer friends, as they have recently sold their home on Old Colony road to Herbert Dee.

Play-Time Season at the Beaches

A garden party was held on the estate of Mrs. Wallace P. Hood at Danvers last week for the Smith Endowment Fund. Mrs. Albert Robinson of Peabody, president of the Salem Smith College Endowment Fund, and Mrs. John Keid (right) are shown "drinking tea for Smith"!

Among the early arrivals at Marblehead are Miss Marion Leeson and Dix Leeson, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Leeson of No. 256 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, are as usual at Bridge Farm. With them is Hilda Smith (right), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Smith of Amrissar, India, who are also Summering at Marblehead.



Four members of the Junior Yacht Club, child of the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead, are Elizabeth Percival, Helen Stone, Lorraine Leeson and Ruth Yerxa. Shown above is their clubhouse.

Even trade unionists like fun! Above is a picture of some of them at Senoj Lodge, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. The camp opens again July 1.

Interest in Tennis on the Wane

SWAMPSCOTT, June 24.—The convention season is nearly over and it has been a busy one this year. This week many of the Harvard reunions have visited the Ocean House, the families of the graduates finding this a pleasant spot to have their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gale of Lawrence are at Phillips avenue for the Summer.

The Tedesco Country Club is a busy place and there is a great deal of golf, but tennis seems to have gone by for most of the members. The concert season at the club is not yet underway, but it is planned to have the midweek dinner dances and the other festivities such as tea dances on Saturday afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beard have bought an estate at Little's Point, which they will have as a Summer home. Mrs. Beard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dill, are registered at the New Orleans House for the Summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Carol Brown and family will be at the Hotel Bellevue, having leased their home.

Wedding cards have been sent out by C. Fred Smith of Elmwood road for the marriage reception of his elder daughter, Miss Helen Winchester Smith and Charles W. Gleason of Brooklyn, N. Y., to be held at the Tedesco Country Club, June 29 at 8:30.

Robert DeWolfe of Lynn Shore Drive is entering his "plebe" Summer at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips H. Roland are enjoying their honeymoon at Rangeley Lakes, Maine, having gone there from Swampscott.

Annisquam

One does not realize the beauty of Annisquam until a trip is made to that lovely section, which is on high ground and overlooks Ipswich Bay, and the picturesque sand dunes, where there is a myriad of beauty spots in which to picnic and where the bathing is warm and delightful.

Mrs. F. M. White of Winchester has leased the Earl cottage for her first Summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus C. Cushman of Cambridge are at Norwood Heights for the Summer months, having arrived last week. This is a rugged, beautiful spot on Cape Ann.

Building Boom Rejoices Hull Residents

BAYSIDE, June 24.—The building boom that has settled over Hull has picked Bayside as the most desirable spot, judging from the surprisingly large number of homes built are in accordance with the beautiful homes already established.

Among the early arrivals to this attractive spot were Mr. and Mrs. Lester Potter and two husky boys of Brookline, who are on L street, near the waterfront. On their return to the city they plan to go into their new home in Brookline.

An event which promises to be of great importance to the younger set will be the marriage of Miss Dorothy Sughrue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sughrue of Bay State road and J street to Attorney Michael Fahey of Charlestown. The affair is to take place in the early Fall, and a group of the Bayside coterie will serve as her attendants. Just at present Mr. Fahey is in Europe on government work.

Superintendent Michael Crowley of the Boston police departm[...] Mrs. Crowley and family are [...]ing their G street house. A[...] them in entertaining are the[...]ter Irene and son Arthur.

Miss Maizie Hammond [...] Roxbury was the week-end [...] Miss Anna Healey at her home on Q street.

A family who has been [...]ing in this section for many [...] is that of Mr. and Mrs. [...] Lally of Dorchester. The[...] home is on P street, whe[...] their daughters, Mrs. Arth[...]gen, and Gladys, and sons, Everett and Albert, they wi[...]tain frequently.

Another hostess whose [...] such has travelled far and [...] Mrs. Daniel V. McIsaac, wi[...] Mr. McIsaac and sons, were the earliest arrivals at the[...] home on Nantasket avenue[...] McIsaac is an ardent wor[...] charity and during the Sum[...]gineers many whists an[...] charity fetes.

A cottage that promises t[...] scene of much social acti[...] the Old Colony Trust [...] This cottage is under the [...] of the Old Colony Trust, [...] benefit of the girls in its [...] Miss Alyce Donnelly of Do[...] a favorite in musical circle[...]rectly in charge of the hous[...] is on Q street.

Rockport

Tracy Hopping and family of New Hope, Conn., have opened their Summer home on Squam Rock road, Annisquam.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sargent of Annisquam have been attending the graduation of the Lowell Textile College, where their son, Walter E. Sargent graduated.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Gruening of New York have been at their Summer home during the Spring months. Dr. Gruening is the well-known editor of The Nation.

Gen. and Mrs. William A. Pew of Salem are opening their Summer home at Land's End for the season. They will have with them a portion of the season, their daughter, Mrs. Edmund H. Bernard and family of Cambridge.

Mrs. Elizabeth Spaulding and two daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Grace C. Spaulding of Brookline have returned to their estate at Ledge road, Eastern Gloucester.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries wyman and son of Wellesley Hills are at "Gate Lodge," Eastern Point.

Yarmouth

The town of Yarmouth at a special town meeting voted to have Sunday baseball and other sports.

Hallet Gray Thatcher, who has been in California for a number of years, has arrived.

Miss Ellen Otis was among a party of fifteen who sailed recently for a tour of France, Italy, Germany, Holland and other countries. She will also attend the Passion Play.

Among the arrivals at South Yarmouth include Mr. and Mrs. E. D. West of Taunton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Bulmer of Pawtucket, Wallace F. Purrington and family of Concord, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Hammett and two children of Taunton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Hussey, Miss Elizabeth Hussey of New Bedford.

Guests Arriving at Magnolia

MAGNOLIA, June 24.—Prominent Bostonians who will be numbered among the Summer colony at Magnolia this season include Mr. and Mrs. Borden Covel and family. Miss Elizabeth Covel, who has just returned from school in Connecticut, will be among next season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Allyn of Arlington Heights and daughter, Miss Phylis Allyn, are guests of Mrs. Allyn's mother, Mrs. Henriett Macdonald, at her Shore Road bungalow. Miss Phylis spent the Winter at Miss Bennet's School-on-the-Hudson and plans to return for another year in the Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. M. Rhen of New York City arrived at their residence on Oaks Road the first of the week. Mr. Rhen is a member of the Essex County Golf Club, where he spends much of his time.

Mr. Hiram Walker of Detroit and family are this season occupying the Underwood cottage on the Shore Road. Mrs. J. Harrington Walker and daughter, Miss Betty Walker, who have been spending the Spring in England will arrive at "Rockledge" the first of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Costello C. Converse, who have been registered at the hotels of Southern California during the Winter months, arrived at their attractive Shore Road residence on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stevens and (Rebecca Robinson) have taken one of the small Foster bungalows on the Shore Road this season.

Waveland, the Kiddies' Paradise

WAVELAND, June 24.—One home which is bound to hold its share of social events is that of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Adams of Columbia road, Dorchester, whose spacious cottage on Manomet avenue has always been the scene of gay fiestas. Mrs. Adams is an active club woman and holds several whists during the Summer in aid of the various charities. Her charming daughter Rosebud, a student at Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury, has quite reached the young lady age, and will join the ranks of the younger set.

An alumna of the same academy to recently arrive is Miss Eugenia McIntyre, daughter of Mrs. F. J. McIntyre of Cobden street, Roxbury. The McIntyres' home is on D street. Their guest over the week end was Ray Brady of Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. DesLauries of the Fenway, frequent visitors to this locality, were week-end guests of Miss Lydia Brimmer at her Summer home at Chatham. The Des Lauries plan to be all-season guests at the Atlantic House at its opening late in June.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sacks and charming trio of children, Marcella, David and Sanford, are comfortably located at their C street home, opening it for the holidays. Also enjoying the cooling breezes of the seashore are Mr. and Mrs. David Posner of Brookline, whose cosey home is on Manomet acenue.

Another happy family recently arrived in our midst is that of Mr. and Mrs. John Scarry of Melville avenue, Dorchester. The Scarry household boasts of four youngsters and will prove a cheerful addition to the large group of kiddies whose capers on the beach are so interesting.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Grady of Arlington are occupying their waterfront home at the corner of Beach avenue and C street.

Whitehead

Abong the early arrivals to this section are Mrs. Annie Lane and daughters, Laura and Marion, of Dorchester, who are occupying the Cleary cottage on Whitehead avenue. Also members of the same household are Mr. and Mrs. George E. Lane, son of the hostess, and two charming babies, George, Jr., and Ruth.

Previous to the opening of the cottage for the season the daughter of the household entertained a group of members of the teachers' force of Boston. Among the group were the Misses May Healey, Ruth Haynes, Annice Anderson, May Harty, Annie Keating and Dorothy Starratt.

Newspaper circles are represented in the presence of Park O'Brien, well known in sporting circles, who has opened his cottage on Samoset avenue. He plans to remain till late in the Fall to enjoy the smelting, a favorite Fall pastime.

Polo Tournament at "Princemere"

"PRINCEMERE," at Wenham, on the North Shore, the residence of Frederic H. Prince, will be the scene of brilliance on Friday and Saturday of this week for the polo tournament between players of the International team and picked men from the Myopia Hunt, and the horse show for jumping classes, all to be staged for the benefit of the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. at Charlestown and the hospital department of Community Service.

Of the International players there will be Devereaux Milburn, Louis Stoddard and Thomas Hitchcock, as guests of Mr. Prince, to meet the best Myopia men. Without doubt the affair has an immense sporting interest, both from the magnificent polo which will be seen, and the equine point, bringing as it will many blue ribboners for the jumping.

On Friday, which is Army Day, Major-General Clarence R. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards are to be guests of honor. Mrs. Harold J. Coolidge will entertain for them at luncheon on that day.

On Navy Day, Saturday, Admiral Henry Wiley and Mrs. Wiley will be officially represented by Captain Ward K. Wortman and Commander Sperry, U.S.N. They will be guests of Mrs. Charles K. Cummings. On that day also, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Sortwell will be luncheon hosts of Commander and Mrs. Donald Hamilton of the Navy Yard, and members of the committee staging the affair. A group of the younger girls will serve tea, both afternoons, under the direction of Mrs. Henry P. McKean of Beverly Farms.

Lest-We-Forget Fete Clears $300

ALTHOUGH greatly disappointed that more money was not made at the Lest-We-Forget Fete held last Saturday on the Anderson estate in Brookline, the committee of which Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards was the chairman are thankful that they "broke whole," owing to the torrents of rain that drenched everything and everybody who ventured out.

Dancing was enjoyed in the Anderson stables and those who were courageous enough to go made a picnic of it and had a good time, but financially the fete wasn't a success.

About $300 was cleared for the benefit of the Army and Navy Club at Park square and for the club's work with disabled veterans.

Chatham

Associate Justice Brandies and Mrs. Brandies of Washington, D. C., are spending the Summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Kingham of Gilmanton, N. H., are at South Chatham. Professor R. Howard Ashley and family of Somerville are at their cottage at Forest Beach.

The Chatham Country Club are planning a series of boat races beginning July 1.

YOUNG GIRLS NEED CARE

Mothers, Watch Your Daughters' Health

Health Is Happiness

From the time a girl reaches the age of twelve until womanhood is established, she needs all the care a thoughtful mother can give.

The condition that the girl is then passing through is so critical, and may have such far-reaching effects upon her future happiness and health, that it is almost criminal for a mother or guardian to withhold counsel or advice.

Many a woman has suffered years of prolonged pain and misery through having been the victim of thoughtlessness or ignorance on the part of those who should have guided her through the dangers, and difficulties that beset this period.

Mothers should teach their girls what danger comes from standing around with cold or wet feet, from lifting heavy articles, and from overworking. Do not let them overstudy. If they complain of headache, pains in the back and lower limbs, they need a mother's thoughtful care and sympathy.

A Household Word in Mother's House

writes Mrs. Lynd, about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"My mother gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was 14 years old for troubles girls often have and for loss of weight. Then after I married I took the Vegetable Compound before each child was born and always when I felt the least run-down. Both my sister and sister-in-law take it and have only the highest praise for it. It has been a household word in my mother's house for years." — Mrs. KATHERYN LYND, 2431 Gladys Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Little Book Helped Her to Decide

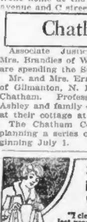
Milwaukee, Wis. — "My daughter took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she was so weak and did not feel like going to school. She was like that for a whole year before taking your Vegetable Compound. I found a little book of yours in our mail-box and decided to give her your medicine. She is now strong and well and attends school every day. We recommend your Vegetable Compound to all mothers with weak daughters. You may use this letter as a testimonial." — Mrs. E. KLUCZNY, 917 20th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

"I was always feeling tired and sleepy, was losing in weight and would faint at times. I had other troubles too, that made me feel badly. I read your little books and heard friends talk about the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done them, so I have taken it too. The results are most satisfactory, for I have gained in weight and my bad symptoms are gone. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to all my friends and you may make whatever use you like of this letter." — GLORIA RAMIREZ, 1116 9th Ave., Tampa, Fla.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

TODAY'S BEAUTY HINT

It is not necessary to shampoo your hair so frequently if it is entirely and properly cleansed each time by the use of a really good shampoo. The easiest to use and quickest drying shampoo that we can recommend to our readers is one that brings out all the natural beauty of the hair and may be enjoyed at very little expense, by dissolving a teaspoonful of canthrox, which can be obtained from any druggist, in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just to the top of the head. This, when rubbed into the scalp and onto every strand of hair, chemically dissolves all impurities. It is very soothing and cooling in its action, as well as beneficial to both scalp and hair. After rinsing out the lather so created, you will find the scalp is fresh, clean and free from dandruff, while the hair dries quickly and evenly, developing a bright luster and a soft fluffiness that makes it seem very heavy.—Advertisement.



SUNSET Is just Wonderful

"I cleaned and dyed my last year's Scarlet dress a beautiful, fast Wine color. In the same bath I dyed gloves and stockings to match. It's just wonderful." *Ask your dealer.*

22 fast Colors — 15c a Cake

SUNSET SOAP DYES

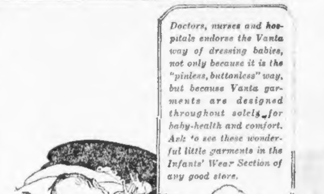
ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics

Advertisement

Sage Tea Darkens Hair to any Shade

WHEN you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is mussy and troublesome. At little cost, you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, and look years younger.



Doctors, nurses and hospitals endorse the Vanta way of dressing babies, not only because it is the "pinless, buttonless" way, but because Vanta garments are designed throughout solely for baby-health and comfort. Ask to see these wonderful little garments in the Infants' Wear Section of any good store.

Dress Baby the Vanta Way—No Pins or Buttons

Vanta Garments Designed for Health and Comfort—Endorsed by Physicians

It is a far-cry from the old-fashioned way of dressing babies to this new and better Vanta way. Every Vanta garment fastens with tape which makes it adjustable to the size of the baby. This tape is twistless, a patented feature, and does not roll or curl in washing. No ironing required. Vanta garments are an economy too, because they do not shrink in washing, but stay soft and wearable until outgrown.

All Vanta garments are knitted. Note the abdominal binder in the picture. Little shirts have extra warmth where needed. Seamless vests for summer wear are wool over the abdomen for bowel protection, and have silk or mercerized tops for coolness on shoulders. There are Vanta shirts, vests, binders, teething-bands, gertrudes, nighties and stockings. So that every mother may know the advantages of Vanta Baby Garments, stores carrying the Vanta line will give to each mother visiting the Infants' Wear Section a free pattern of the patented Vanta diaper.

FREE PATTERN *for* PINLESS DIAPER

No dangerous pins to work loose and make baby scream with the pain of pricks and scratches. The Vanta diaper ties with twistless tape, and folds with extra thickness where needed, but is without the bulkiness which bows baby's little legs when ordinary diapers are used. This wonderful pattern is yours for the asking in the Infants' Wear Section of Dry Goods and Department Stores.

Earnshaw Knitting Co., Newton, Mass.
Earnshaw Sales Co., Chicago, Ill.

Vanta Baby Garments

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL SEASONS

Attractions for the Week on Stage and Screen

Odds and Ends About the Stage

By E. F. HARKINS.

It was "So Long Letty" that emancipated Walter Catlett. In that gay Gold Coast musical play the California comedian got rid of wigs for the first time. For twenty years and over he had been crowning himself with false hair, and he it ever so patched, there's no dome like your own, in the opinion of the self-respecting comedian. That opinion, and others, Catlett shares with Leon Errol, one of the "Sally" stars. There's a reason; with the decrease in hair comes increase in fame and salary. Their case proves it.

Anyhow, in "So Long Letty," the young Pacific Slope funmaker—he is on the sunny side of thirty-five still—began to stop impersonating blonde German and English silly asses and other relics of the stone age and let his own personality loose upon American playgoers. It was then he made a national reputation for himself, which he never had a chance to do when he was wearing wigs. "Letty" ran eight months in California, nearly a year in Chicago, eight months more in New York and several months in Boston and other cities—144 weeks altogether without a stop. That engagement, the longest so far in his career, was the making of Catlett. It made him an Eastern favorite. It tore him from the West, his birthplace and training ground. That's the way it often goes.

It was the new Catlett, the real one, with the snappy George Ade chatter, bone glasses and cheery way of walking off with the cakes and ale that caused him to be torn Westward again, this time to London. George Grossmith saw him in New York in "Miss Simplicity" and said: "Here's one of those bally American comedians at last. All the others are British or Dutch. Let's take him home."

So they engaged the effervescent Walter to be the star of a musical show called "Baby Bunting," and according to one report he made the biggest hit any American comedian ever made on the London stage. I knew that one critic said he didn't understand what it was all about, and in particular he didn't follow Catlett, but as he also admitted he didn't like hilarity anyhow his opinion can be dismissed as the drooling of a stuffed owl.

"Baby Bunting" ran for 18 months in London. The king thought so well of it that he went to the theatre twice and then had a "command" performance all to himself, and family, at what Catlett sacrilegiously calls Buck and Wing Palace.

And in London they began to call those bone glasses "Catletts." Any old duke would walk into a shop and ask for a pair of "Catletts."

Those glasses, by the way, are not mere make-up, as in Harold Lloyd's case. Catlett couldn't sign his salary receipt without them. He has worn them since he first cast a vote.

FAREWELLS AT THE ST. JAMES

This is being called "farewell week" at the St. James, chiefly because Walter Gilbert, the most successful leading man the Boston stage has presented in many years, is leaving for a vacation next Saturday night. His admirers are to have the privilege of going on the stage and shaking hands with him after every performance. Admirers of other players—and there are at least several firmly established favorites in the company—are to enjoy the same privilege. Gilbert's departure means that this is to be the farewell week of the long and profitable "Slippy McGee" engagement.

Then what? Some new production, possibly a play with Walter E. Perkins in the leading role, or perhaps the comedian who made such a hit in "The Tavern" at the Tremont during the recent memorable Cohan engagement.

Of the present company it is certain that not only Gilbert but Mark Kent, Viola Roach, Florence Roberts, Lucille Adams and Ralph Remley will stay for next season. William Jeffrey joins the company this week in place of Frank Charlton and Charles Compton comes in as the new juvenile. There is to be a new leading woman, but no names have been mentioned yet.

GAYETY THEATRE

A tremendous demand for seat reservations has resulted in the announcement another week of the engagement of Barney Gerard's "Follies of the Day" at the Gayety. The present local run of this remarkable revue is unprecedented and exceeds the expectations of the management. All plans had been completed for removing the show to New York, but these plans were changed to please Boston theatregoers. However, the management of the show announces that conditions will make it impossible to keep "Follies of the Day" here longer than next Saturday night.

PROVINCETOWN TRIPS

The steamship Dorothy Bradford, with a passenger capacity of 1,650, leaves Play Line wharf, 470 Atlantic avenue, daily at 9:30 and on Sundays at 10 for Provincetown, where the Pilgrims first set foot on the sacred stands one of the finest of Pilgrim monuments. It is a 100-mile trip.

ST. JAMES THEATRE

Members of the Boston Stock Company have consented to play "Slippy McGee" one more week. Walter Gilbert and Mark Kent carry the burden of the play, which is a melodrama with a romantic twist. The run must come to an end next Saturday night.

STAGE

SCREEN

Picking Hits Is Gerard's Specialty

THEATRICAL producers, wondering at the success of Barney Gerard, creator of many successful shows often wondered how he wins so consistently. The last show produced by Barney Gerard is "Follies of the Day," the record-smashing revue now in the seventh and last week of its engagement at the Gayety. This production has been a big hit and money-maker.

Gerard attributes his success to careful selection of the players. He has discovered and developed many players now nationally famous. Among the favorites who have appeared in his companies are "Bozo" Snyder, leading comedian of the show at the Gayety; Shep Camp, Harry Fox, the Millership Sisters, Will Ward, Chester Nelson, Sam Sidman, Larry McCahill, West & Williams, Johnny Williams, William McIntyre, Sammy Hearn, and last, but not least, Gertrude Hayes, the titian-haired comedienne who became Gerard's wife. She was a member of the famous dancing team, "The Brick Tops," and won notable success under Barney Gerard's direction before she married him and retired from the stage. Her niece, Gertrude Hayes, Jr., the "dancing demon" of "Follies of the Day," is the latest Gerard star.

MODERN AND BEACON

Two leading stars of the screen will radiate to new photoplays at the Modern and Beacon this week—Mabel Normand in "Head Over Heels" and Pauline Frederick in "The Glory of Clementine." Miss Normand's vehicle has been seen in musical comedy, with Nitzi in the leading role. The heroine is a little foreign entertainer brought to America for an engagement. Her adventures are many and varied. Miss Frederick will be seen in a picturing of Edward J. Locke's successful story, which deals with the rejuvenation of an artist, who in the pursuit of fame has stifled every natural instinct. A Mack Sennett comedy, "Gymnasium Jim," is also billed.

GORDON' SCOLLAY SQ.

Europe and America have contributed their best to the vaudeville program announced for Gordon's Scollay Square this week. The films are also of rare attractiveness. The headline vaudeville act is La Pilarica Trio, featuring Viola Victoria. The act presents striking dances from Madrid and fiery Spanish music. Goss and Haley old-time minstrel favorites, introduce jokes and songs. Joe Sully and Matt Kennedy will offer an Italian skit. Haney and Morgan will give a dancing and musical offering. There will be still other acts. The big photo play is the screen adaptation of "The Man from Home," with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson and Noreman Kerry.

COLONIAL THEATRE

"Sally," at the Colonial, calmly surveying Boston's Summer theatrical field, finds herself its sole and undisputed mistress. Such a condition has not existed before in years. When F. Ziegfeld, Jr., brought this marvel of musical comedies to Boston it was freely conceded that it would outlast all competition, and it has. In Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol it is provided with two of the most popular stars the musical comedy stage has ever offered.

NANTASKET AND PLYMOUTH BOATS

Boats for Nantasket beach leave Rowe's wharf every hour. On Sundays, if necessary, extra boats are run. No crowding is permitted. Boats connect at Pemberton for trains running down the beach to Nantasket, but this is merely an accommodation for passengers on the way to one of the beach stations. Most people prefer to continue to Nantasket by boat. It is a delightful hour's sail down the most picturesque and historic harbor on the coast.

Boats for the famous town of Plymouth, which was reconstructed last year for the big Pilgrim celebration, leave the same wharf every morning at 10. It is a day's trip down and back, but a long stop is made at Plymouth to permit sightseeing. Radio concerts are featured on the boat.

BOSTON THEATRE

Patrons of the Boston Theatre will be exceptionally fortunate next week. The feature picture stars the well-known rural character delineator, Charles (Chic) Sale in "His Nibs," in which he plays seven different characters. It is probably one of the cleverest productions ever screened, being one of those pictures in which there are so many funny situations that it may be viewed again and again with as much pleasure as when seen the first time. The vaudeville is also of an unusually high standard, and is headed by the diminutive White sisters, who have been creating such a sensation throughout the country. Jean Granese and others with the usual screen features and comedy, make up the remainder of th program.

GORDON'S OLYMPIA

Stepping from the musical comedy stage, Pepitas Granados, famous Spanish dancer, comes to the vaudeville stage at Gordon's Olympia this week as the headliner. This little and fiery young woman from King Alfonso's court, was the star of "Honey Dew" and "Maytime." She will be assisted by Rosa De Granada, a Spanish singer, and Edith May and Sonia Marcos, Oriental dancers. Harry Bolden, colored comedian, will give a unique comedy act, and Kay, Hamlin and Kay will introduce a laughable novelty. Two other big acts will be included on the bill. The photoplay program will be featured by the great society drama, "His Wife's Husband," starring Betty Blythe. The story is by Anna Katherine Green.

Craig in Playlet With Society Favorite

AN all-Boston feature at Keith's this week is to be the appearance of John Craig and Helenka Adamowska in a playlet called "Behind the Screen. Mr. Craig has been a Boston favorite for many years, both as actor and producer. Miss Adamowska is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josef Adamowski, who have long been prominent in Boston musical life. The young actress made her first stage appearances in various society entertainments in this city. Last Winter she went to New York to study, finally making her professional debut in the Theatre Guild's production of George Bernard Shaw's satirical play, "Back to Methuselah."

Two other men, Irving Dale and Rupert Jones, are the authors of "Behind the Screen."

LOEW'S STATE

At Loew's new State this week the stellar attraction will be Dorothy Dalton in "The Woman Who Walked Alone," a sensational love melodrama without a dull second, adapted from the story. "The Cat That Walked Alone," by John Colton. A fine cast supports Miss Dalton, headed by Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley. The story is of an English society woman, who, wrongly accused by her jealous husband, flees to South Africa as The Woman Who Walks Alone. There she becomes involved in a series of highly dramatic and exciting situations. The action is swift and colorful and moves with tremendous speed. The companion photoplay is, "Don't Write Letters."

LANCASTER THEATRE

Earle Williams in "The Man from Downing Street," will be seen at the Lancaster for the first three days of the week. There is a distinct element of mystery in "The Man from Downing Street," and a surprise ending. On the same program Mary Miles Minter will be seen in "The Heart Specialist." A program of high merit has been arranged for the change of bill Thursday. Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino will be seen in "Beyond the Rocks," also Johnny Hines in "Burn 'Em Up Barnes."

POP CONCERTS END IN TWO WEEKS

The coming week of the Pop Concerts in Symphony Hall will be the last but one. Agide Jacchia has made six capital programs for the splendid Pops symphony orchestra.

Tomorrow will be request night, offering "The Blue Danube" waltz, the Largo, Second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt, "Reve Angelique," "1812" Overture, the "Lohengrin" fantasia, the "Scheherazade" finale, "Espana Rhapsody," and a flute solo by Arthur Brooke. On Wednesday the "Pastoral" fantasia, "Elli, Elli" and the Roumanian Rhapsody will be played. Thursday will bring an Italian-Verdi program.

On Friday will be featured the "William Tell" overture, "Carmen" fantasia, Jacchia's suite of negro spirituels and Hadley's Ballet of the Flowers." The Saturday program will include the "Pierne" overture, "Samson and Delilah" fantasia, "Hungarian Rhapsody," Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun," and "Sally" numbers.

GORDON'S STRAND

Thomas Meighan, Paramount star, is very fond of children, and loves to work with them. He greatly enjoyed playing the paternal role to five kiddies in his new Paramount picture, "The Bachelor Daddy," in which will be shown on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at Gordon's Strand. Other attractions at the Strand include a First National Special, "The Cave Girl," a new Larry Semon comedy, "A Pair of Queens," and an organ recital by Arthur J. Martel.

BOWDOIN SQ.

At the Bowdoin Square beginning tomorrow the top feature bill will introduce William Farnum in the Fox production, "Shackles of Gold," the story of a dock laborer who became a wizard of finance. John Gilbert will appear in the Fox film feature, "Arabian Love," with the talented Barbara Bedford in the cast. Mack Sennett presents his latest comedy, "Gymnasium Jim." Five big vaudeville features are also billed.

JULY 4 FIREWORKS

The annual fireworks display at Braves Field will be given again this year on the evening of July 4. The various devices to be used were invented by the American Fireworks Distributing Company of Boston. This display promises to be the greatest ever seen. Hundreds of aerial pieces will be shown, in addition to many set pieces, including a naval battle scene and fort de-

Changes of Bill at Principal Theatres

JOHN CRAIG, stock favorite, is to be the Keith headliner this week, appearing in "Behind the Screen," a new comedy playlet. Dorothy Dalton and George Melford are featured on Loew's State bill in a new Paramount picture, "The Woman Who Walked Alone." "Sally" still jams the Colonial. "Follies of the Day" continues its record run at the Gayety. "Slippy McGee" enters its final week at the St. James.

B. F. KEITH'S

John Craig, the matinee idol of the old Castle Square Stock Company and probably the greatest of all favorites with Boston theatregoers, is coming to Keith's next week. His vehicle is a one-act comedy drama entitled "Behind the Screen." With him is coming Helena Adamowska, a Boston society girl. George MacFarlane, the favorite baritone, and Jack Donahue, who has made himself famous as a dancer and comedian, both in vaudeville and musical comedy, are on the same bill. Other well known acts are Princess Radjah, the starting Egyptian dancer; Maurice Diamond and company; Green and Parker, Barrett and Farnum and "Tip." Another Aesop's Fable, together with news features, will conclude the program.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

At Loew's Orpheum this week, for the first three days the vaudeville will be headed by Vardon Perry, five wires of the A. E. F., who have given 50 shows for the soldiers "Over There." York & Maybelle, will appear in a comedy concoction, entitled, "That's Too Bad." The feature photoplay will star dainty and piquant Shirley Mason in her latest Fox release, "Yours Very Truly." Another attractive feature of the bill is a new Mack Sennett Comedy, entitled, "Gymnasium Jim." Topics and the Pathe News, complete the bill for the first half. On Thursday there will be a change of program and the feature photoplay being 'John Smith," starring Eugene O'Brien.

GORDON'S CENTRAL SQ.

At Gordon's Central Square this week the big attractions are Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy," and Agnes in "The Orneal." An extra feature will be the comedy, "A Fair of Kings," starring Larry Semon. In "The Bachelor Daddy" there is a pleasant romance not unmixed with pathos. The film tells a compelling story. It is a yarn about five young kiddies, orphaned by a bandit's bullet, and then fathered by a bachelor. The tots hold their perfect a merry chase straight along the path to love and happiness. "Trilby Ordeal" presents Agnes Ayres in a drama of a beautiful woman's son in conflict. Conrad Nagel and Edith Murphy are also cast.

LOTHIAN RE-ENGAGED

Erlanger, Dillingham and Ziegfeld announce that Thomas B. Lothian has been re-engaged by them as general manager of their theatres in Boston, the Colonial, Tremont and Hollis Street.

Bob Ott's Shows Featured at Norumbega

MUSICAL comedy of a wholesome variety always makes a strong appeal to the theatregoer, and when it is presented by such a capable organization as Bob Ott's company the pleasure is two-fold.

This aggregation, which includes the famous "bobbed-hair chorus," will play all this week at Norumbega Park, Auburndale. For the first three days the offering will be "The Radio Girl," a satire on the craze which has swept over the country. The audience may "listen in," hear the performers "tune up" and be assured of two hours of solid enjoyment. For the balance of the week the company will present "What's the Idea."

Bob Ott has a style all his own. He is funny without being vulgar. His shows are always successful and this year he is surrounded by an unusually capable group of comedians, singers and show girls.

People are talking excitedly about Mazie Lamette's great "slide for life" which is presented twice a day at Norumbega as a free attraction. Mazie, hanging by her teeth, flashes down a steel cable suspended from the top of the tall water tower in the park. Another free offering is the radio concerts. Dancing in the restaurant is popular.

BIG FIREWORKS SPECTACLE COMING

"Scrapping the Navy," the gigantic spectacle being built in New York by the International Fireworks Company, will be shown at Braves field, Boston, on July 12 and 13. The largest scenic production ever made, it will show the open ocean, with fleets of warships moving about. More than $50,000 will be spent on the production, which was suggested by the recent peace conferences. The display of fireworks to accompany the spectacle will cost $10,000 a night.

John Serpico, president of the International Company, is giving the Braves Field display his personal attention. Nearly 100 fireworks operators and stage hands will assist.

Amusements.

LOEW'S STATE
EVENINGS BOXES & LOGES $2* ALL OTHER SEATS $1* — EVENINGS BOXES & LOGES $2* LOWER FLOOR $1* BALCONY 50c
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE — CONTINUOUS 1 P.M. TO 11 P.M.
WEEK of JUNE 26
ROMANCE, THRILLS and A BRILLIANT FASHION SHOW
The WOMAN WHO WALKED ALONE
WITH
DOROTHY DALTON
THE MELODRAMA BEAUTIFUL SWEEPING FROM LONDON'S BALLROOMS TO THE WILD SOUTH AFRICAN JUNGLE, PRODUCED BY THE MAN WHO MADE THE SHEIK.
MILTON SILLS and WANDA HAWLEY IN THE CAST.
IN ADDITION TO
GARETH HUGHES in "DON'T WRITE LETTERS"
NEWEST COMEDY AND PICTORIAL NEWS
SUNDAY VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTOPLAYS DOORS OPEN at 2.30 P. M.

Amusements.

COLONIAL EVGS. at 8 MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2 CURTAIN AT 8 P.M. SHARP.
DIRECTION ERLANGER, DILLINGHAM & ZIEGFELD—Thomas B. Lothian, Manager
NOT YET—BUT SOON!
THE WONDER MUSIC PLAY THAT COMBINES EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL, BEWITCHING AND BEWILDERING MUST SOON GO WESTWARD TO FILL ITS CHICAGO ENGAGEMENT
SALLY
ZIEGFELD'S SURPASSING SUCCESS!
MARILYN MILLER
LEON ERROL
THE ONE SURVIVING ATTRACTION OF BOSTON'S SPRING AND SUMMER SEASON!
DO NOT DELAY SECURING SEATS
AT BOX OFFICE OR BY MAIL ORDER
POPULAR MATINEES WED. & SAT.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE Continuous DAILY from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.
Week June 26 R. G. LARSEN, General Manager
First Time in Boston! Shows Here Only
The Famous Rural Character Delineator
'CHIC' SALE
In the Most Unusual and Quaintly Humorous Picture Ever Screened
His Latest Unique HIS NIBS Role In Which He Lives Seven Different Characters
WHITE SISTERS
The Distinctive Sensation of the Country
OVERHOLT & YOUNG
In a Comedy Satire, "Special Delivery"
GAUTIER BROTHERS
"The Animating Tonsils," a Delight to Youngsters
Pathe News | Aesop's Fables | Latest Comedy | Topics of the Day
Eccentric Musician FID GORDON in "Don't Take Me Seriously"
EXTRA—The Unusual Songsters—Extra!
JEAN GRANESE
Assisted by Evelyn Charles & Chas. Barrett
SUNDAY VAUDEVILLE & PICTURES Continuous 2 to 10:30 P. M.

Amusements.

Cosmopolitan Productions
Bookings on Cosmopolitan
"ENCHANTMENT"
Starring Marion Davies
June 26—Colonial, Onset
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"
July 1—Town Hall, Cohasset
July 1—Empress, Windsor, Vt.
July 1—Empress, Newport, Vt.
"BOOMERANG BILL"
June 27—Colonial, Onset
"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"
June 27—Pastime, Milton, Vt.
June 26-27—Pastime, Mansfield
July 1—Strand, Plymouth, N. H.
"BACK PAY"
June 26-27—Colonial, Andover
June 26—Richardson Hall, Essex
June 26—Pastime, Chicopee
June 26—Champlain, Swanton, Vt.
June 26-29—Park, Middleboro
June 26—Colonial, Onset
June 30—Dreamland, Nantucket
"BEAUTY'S WORTH"
Starring Marion Davies
June 23-27—Strand, Taunton
June 26, 28—Jamaica, Jamaica Plain
June 28-29—Standard, West Lynn
June 28-29—Dudley, Roxbury
"FIND THE WOMAN"
June 28-29—Royal, Worcester
June 26-28—Palace, Arctic, R. I.
June 28—Globe, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
June 28—Empress, Derby, Vt.
June 30—Colonial, Onset
July 1—Empress, Burlington, Vt.
"THE GOOD PROVIDER"
June 28—Park, Bangor, Vt.
"THE BEAUTY SHOP"
June 26-27—Strand, Rutland, Vt.
June 28-29—Quincy, Quincy
"HELIOTROPE"
July 1—Town Hall, Warren, N. H.
"THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"
July 1—Gem, Enfield
"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"
June 30—Town Hall, Canaan, N. Y.
"BURIED TREASURE"
Starring Marion Davies
June 30—Town Hall, Groton
"THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED"
June 27-28—Park, Spencer
"THE BRIDE'S PLAY"
Starring Marion Davies
June 26-28—Regent, Arlington
June 26-28—Medford, Medford
June 26-28—Crescent, Revere

Close-ups for Movie Fans

DO YOU WANT TO PEN PHOTOPLAYS?

Marshall Neilan, producer of "Fools First" and a hundred other successful film plays, many of which he wrote himself, offers the following "don'ts to aspiring screen authors:

Don't worry about scenario technique, but tell your story in simple language.

Don't acquire wrinkles figuring out entrances, exits, fadeouts, etc. The producer can work out these details better than you can.

Don't submit your story to a studio before you have pictured all the situations in your mind's eye and know that they are possible.

Don't try to dash off your story in one sitting, but sketch the plot first and then work out the "dressing."

Don't go in for obvious conclusions, but try to give twists to your situations that will offer an element of surprise.

Don't resort to the long arm of coincidence. It has long since been yanked out of joint.

Don't let your judgment be final. Submit or read your plot to your friends and get all the opinions possible before you submit it to a producer.

Don't try to write a story about things with which you are not personally familiar. Stick to life as you see it and to persons you know.

Don't stint your imagination. Analyze the persons around you. Then if possible, find out how nearly correct you've guessed their characters.

Don't forget that action is one of the prime requisites in the success of a photoplay.

Don't think that by action I mean a lot of races. I refer to action in theme or, in other words, keep the events of your story moving along.

Don't try to write your story around the personality of a star or a player you have seen on the screen, but write the story for the sake of the plot itself. The producer will easily find the best persons to play the parts.

Don't forget to write the kind of story that will be understood by the masses.

Don't overlook the fact that the human stories are generally the most successful.

Don't forget that above everything else, you should be logical.

WORKED ON SHAWL FOR TWENTY YEARS

Boston women who are interested in fine needlework will have an opportunitythis week to see an example of some of the finest work ever done by the artist-needlewomen of the Spanish hills. At Gordon's Scollay Square, in the novel Spanish dancing act presented by the La Pilariea trio, the dancers will wear several shawls that were made in Spain. One of these shawls, valued at $1,000, will be on display in the ladies' tearoom of the theatre while it is not being worn on the stage.

The shawl was made by a peasant woman and her daughter. The making of the delicate lace occupied nearly twenty years of patient effort. For their labor the women received a few hundred dollars. However, when exchanged into Spanish pesos, this was a small fortune, which makes the two needlewomen comfortable and independent for life.

BEAUTEOUS BETTY IN BATHING ARRAY

While Betty Compson, star of Paramount pictures, was en route to the swimming pool, she met the photographer. Wasn't that fortunate?

MABEL'S BEAUTY PARLOR SORROWS

Few institutions in modern life have not been used for dramatic purposes on the screen. The latest is the beauty parlor used by Mabel Normand in her latest comedy, "Head ver Heels," billed at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week.

Miss Normand is introduced as a more than plain foreign acrobat. She is brought to the beauty parlor to be made presentable for theatrical purposes. Here she is met by the "doctor," a muscular lady armed with scalpel, hammer and other appliances guaranteed to straighten noses, remove wrinkles, change the facial contour and otherwise alter the features of good but homely ladies in the semblance of a Venus. Miss Normand undergoes the prescribed operations in her own amusing manner.

A fully equipped modern beauty parlor was built for the scene.

An enormous set will be built at the Lasky studio to represent the Spanish castle which is to be properly haunted for "The Ghost Breaker," Wallace Reid's new Paramount Picture in which he is supported by Lila Lee.

NOW GETS SILVER ON SILVER SHEET

Rudolph Cameron, Anita Stewart's leading man in her next Louis B. Mayer-First National attraction, "Rose o' the Sea," was formerly a prominent figure on the speaking stage. He scored his greatest hit on Broadway in "Rich Man, Poor Man," in which he played the extravagant young millionaire. In private life Mr. Cameron is Anita's husband and business manager.

NEWS NOTES OF UNITED ARTISTS

After polling its various producing companies, United Artists is able to report that the final titles of important releases for this Fall are established as follows: "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" (All one title); Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country" (no change from the original name); Charles Ray in "A Tailor Made Man" (Not The); George Arliss "The Silent Voice"; Jack Pickford's "Garrison's Finish."

• • •

A remarkable cast has been chosen by D. W. Griffith for his next United Artists picture. Carol Dempster, who was seen in "The Love Flower" and "Dream Street," will play the leading feminine role. Henry Hull, the distinguished Broadway leading man, has been enlisted. Another shining light from the legitimate stage given a role is C. H. Croker-King, the star of "Bulldog Drummond." Margaret Dale, who was the adventuress in George Arliss' "Disraeli," Frank Wunderlee, Frank Sheriden, and Irma Harrison are other members of the cast. Mr. Griffith has not named the picture yet, but it is from a story, "At the Grange." The production will be in seven reels.

• • •

Speculation as to who will be Jack Pickford's leading woman in his production of "Garrison's Finish,' has been lively. Although work has begun on the film, the story has not yet been cast. This is because the preliminary scenes done under the supervision of Elmer Harris and Director Arthur Rosson have all been taken at Eastern race tracks for turf atmosphere, and hardly anyone save Jack has been used in these scenes. The main work will be done on the West coast.

BETTY BLYTHE IN DRAMATIC FILM

Patrons of Gordon's Olympia will this week see a film version of one of Anna Katherine Greene's most dramatic stories. The picture is "His Wife's Husband," and is based upon the novel, "The Mayor's Wife."

Betty Blythe has the starring role. She portrays a harassed wife who believes that a husband she thought and hoped dead, has returned. The part calls for a woman of rare physical perfection. Consequently Betty Blythe was the logical candidate for the role.

Pearl White once played little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

BLYTHE PICTURE

Betty Blythe, statuesque yet lissom cinema star, comes to Gordon's Olympia tomorrow in "His Wife's Husband."

Conway Tearle was born in 1880, which makes him about twenty years older than any motion picture star in the world.

ATLANTA, GA., TO BE FILM CENTRE

Everything will soon be pictures, as well as peaches, down in Georgia!

With arrangements for the erection of a $100,000 studio building on the outskirts of Atlanta practically completed, the plan of the Southern Motion Picture Finance Corporation and the Atlanta Studio Corporation to make Atlanta one of the principal producing centers of the world seems an assured fact.

It is expected that work on the huge building in which pictures will be produced by and for these corporations, for distribution through W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, will commence within a few weeks. By early fall the first of the productions will in all likelihood be ready for release.

The Southern Motion Picture Finance Corporation and the Atlanta Studio Corporation are allied corporations. Ralph B. Small, a prominent business man of Macon, Ga., is president of both corporations.

The site of the proposed studio building consists of fifteen acres, about eight miles from the center of Atlanta. In addition to this tract the corporation has a ten-year option on a 200-acre estate immediately adjoining.

A black cat figures almost daily on the call sheet at the Lasky studio for Irvin Willat's production for Paramount, "On the High Seas," in which Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt are featured.

MABEL NORMAND

Mack Sennett's delightful little comedienne will be seen this week at the Modern and Beacon in a filmization of "Head Over Heels," music show in which Mitzi starred.

Art Acord, movie cowboy, is also an honest-to-goodness cowboy. Born in Oklahoma, he has won many championships in broncho riding and similar gentle pastimes.

TO BAFFLE THE "WEASEL" FILMS

For this year's costly spectacular production by Douglas Fairbanks, a most elaborate name has been chosen, and this after much reluctance. However, it was the sense of several conferences that the title should be not "Robin Hood," but "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood." It would have been simpler, more popular, to let it ride as "Robin Hood," after the principal role played by the star, but conditions seemed against the more obvious choice. The reasons, as given in a statement by Dennis F. O'Brien, of counsel for Mr. Fairbanks, are:

"The name of Douglas Fairbanks is to be part of the title. This we deem advisable because 'Robin Hood' has been used too many times as the title of literature compositions and theatrical entertainmens. We are seeking to establish a differentiation between Douglas Fairbanks' particular picture and any other, so that apart from the copyright Mr. Fairbanks will have such remedies as are available for any trespassing upon the trade value of the title which can be registered.

"This, we believe, will give us additional remedy to protect Mr. Fairbanks and the exhibitors against unfair methods that have prevailed in the past."

Amusements.

CONTINUOUS 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.
IN THE HEART OF THE SHOPPING DISTRICT
LOEW'S ORPHEUM
VAUDEVILLE & PHOTOPLAYS
MON., TUES. & WED. JUNE 26-27-28
GREAT VAUDEVILLE
VARDON & PERRY
The Live Wires of the A. E. F.
YORK and MABELLE
In "THAT'S TOO BAD" & Others
FEATURE PHOTOPLAY
SHIRLEY MASON
In "VERY TRULY YOURS"
MACK SENNETT COMEDY "GYMNASIUM JIM"
LATEST PATHE NEWS
THURS., FRI. & SAT. June 29-30—July 1
NOLA ST. CLAIRE & CO.
Spectacular Song and Dance Review
THE POPULAR BOSTONIAN
HON. DAVE MANLEY
In "LEAVE THE HALL"
FRANK CORBETT
Assisted by Herbert Hewston & Others
FEATURE PHOTOPLAY
EUGENE O'BRIEN
In "JOHN SMITH"
LATEST NEWS AND COMEDY
EVERY SUNDAY—VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTOPLAYS DOORS OPEN AT 2:30 P. M.

Amusements.

BEAUTIFUL POPULAR NORUMBEGA ON THE CHARLES
NOW OPEN AND IN FULL SWING
MOST BEAUTIFUL AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE EAST
CARS FROM ALL POINTS ON THE BOSTON ELEVATED
SPECIAL CARS FROM DUDLEY ST.
A REAL SENSATION
MAZIE LUNETTE
In Her SLIDE FOR LIFE
Today
BOB OTT
and Company of 17 in MUSICAL COMEDY
FREE RADIO CONCERT TWICE DAILY
Admission to Park 15 Cents
Buy Combination Ticket from Street Car Conductor

Amusements.

GAYETY THEATRE
TWICE DAILY—2:10 and 8:10 P. M.
7th AND FINAL WEEK
THE PUBLIC MUST BE SERVED
THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS WERE RECEIVED FOR ONE MORE WEEK OF
BARNEY GERARD'S $200,000 PRODUCTION
FOLLIES OF THE DAY
WITH "BOZO" SNYDER "The MAN WHO NEVER SPEAKS"
ENGAGEMENT WILL TERMINATE SATURDAY JULY 1ST
DON'T FOLLOW THE CROWD — GET AHEAD OF IT !!
RESERVE YOUR SEATS NOW ~ PHONE BEACH 39

Amusements.

PHOTOPLAY THEATRE DE LUXE
MODERN WASHINGTON ST.
EXCLUSIVE FIRST RUN PHOTOPLAYS IN GREATER BOSTON
BEACON TREMONT ST.
THE SHRINE OF PHOTOPLAYS
FOLLOWING PROGRAM AT BOTH THEATRES
MABEL NORMAND in Head Over Heels
A Rollicking Frolicking Comedy of Love and Laughter
(AND ON THE SAME BILL)
PAULINE FREDERICK
in William J. Locke's Fiction Masterpiece
"The GLORY OF CLEMENTINA"
ALSO MACK SENNETT'S "GYMNASIUM JIM"

GORDON'S CAMBRIDGE ~ CENTRAL SQ.
THOMAS MEIGHAN
"THE BACHELOR DADDY"
AGNES AYRES in "THE ORDEAL"

GORDON'S STRAND ~ UPHAM'S COR.
MON., TUES., WED.
THOS. MEIGHAN
AND THE SCREEN'S FIVE CUTEST KIDDIES
In "A BACHELOR DADDY"
A Paramount Picture
ARTHUR J. MARTEL AT ORGAN

GORDON'S SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA
Week of June 26
WM. HODGE'S
Celebrated Stage Success
"The Man From Home"
A Paramount Picture
All Star—Vaudeville—All Star
LA PILARIEA TRIO
Featuring Viola Victoria. Spanish Novelty
LADIES: Mme. Victoria's beautiful $1200 Embroidered Shawl on exhibition in the Tea Room after each performance.
JOHN—GOSS & HALEY—DAN
Old Time Minstrels
JOE SULLY & MATT KENNEDY
In a Character Sketch, "Shot Me"
HANEY & MORGAN
In a Zippy Song and Dance Specialty
DUBLIN TRIO
In a Rare Singing Treat
MACK SENNETT COMEDY, "GYMNASIUM JIM"
TO OUR LADY PATRONS: Tea Luncheon, Ice Cream Served Free Daily from 12 Noon to 7 P. M. in Ladies' Rest Room.
SUNDAY CONCERT 3 to 10:30

GORDON'S OLYMPIA ~ WASH. ST.
Week of June 26
BETTY BLYTHE
In a Famous Society Drama by Anna Katherine Green
"HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND"
SUPERB VAUDEVILLE BILL
PEPITA GRANADOS
Late of "Honeydew" and "Maytime" in a New Dance Revue
HARRY BOLDEN
A Darky Comedian in a Laugh Feast
KAY, HAMLIN & KAY
In an Act of Delightful Surprises
FRANK MULLANE | OTHER ACTS
MACK SENNETT COMEDY, "GYMNASIUM JIM"
TO OUR LADY PATRONS: Free Luncheon, Ice Cream Served Free Daily from 12 Noon to 7 P. M. in Ladies' Rest Room
FREE AUTO PARKING
Just Around the Corner on Beach St.
SUNDAY CONCERT, 3 to 10:30

BOWDOIN SQ. THEATRE CONTINUOUS
Two Minutes' Walk from Scollay Sq. Around the Corner on Court St.
The Boston Family Resort for Ladies
SHOW STARTS at 10:30 A. M.
WM. FARNUM
In the Wm. Fox Production "Shackles of Gold"
He raised himself from a dock laborer to a wizard of finance. He was married, but not mated. He broke the stock market and himself to ruin the man who loved his wife. Come and see WILLIAM FARNUM in a blue shirt again.
JOHN GILBERT
In the Wm. Fox Production "Arabian Love"
Another success like "THE SHEIK," with Barbara Bradford in cast. Where youth calls and hot blood surges amid the sand swept stretches of the desert. See the Arab spin his web to catch a beautiful girl.
MACK SENNETT'S LATEST COMEDY "GYMNASIUM JIM"
First Run in Boston
5 VAUDEVILLE ACTS
Radio Service Free to Patrons
Bargain Night Friday—Extra Acts
Today (Sunday) at 3 P. M.
2 Feature Pictures—5 Vaudeville Acts

FAREWELL WEEK
For This Season, of The
BOSTON STOCK COMPANY
SIXTH AND LAST WEEK OF
SLIPPY McGEE
Stage Reception After Each Performance This Week. Meet and Shake Hands With "Slippy McGee," "Father De Rance" and the Members of the Boston Stock Company.
ST. JAMES THEATRE
Cor. Huntington and Mass. Aves.
Mats. Except Mon., Thurs. 2.15. 30, 40, 55, 75c. Eves. 8:15. 30, 55, 85, 1.10. Seats at Theatre, B. B. 202; Filene's, Jordan's; Branch, Howes, 56 Winter St., Beach 1993.
NEXT WEEK—By Special Arrangement, WALTER PERKINS, late of the Geo. M. Cohan "The Tavern" Co., in a Midsummer Revival "MY FRIEND FROM INDIA."

BRAVES FIELD
FIREWORKS
TUESDAY NIGHT, JULY 4th
By the American Fireworks Distributing Co. of Boston
A Monster Display, Showing All That is New in Fireworks
BAND CONCERT at 8 o'clock
POPULAR PRICES 55c, 85c and $1.10
Send mail orders with remittance to Braves Field.
Tickets on Sale Tuesday, June 27th, at Partridge's, 49 Franklin Street, and at Braves Field.

LANCASTER
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
EARLE WILLIAMS in "The Man from Downing Street"
MARY MILES MINTER
In "The Heart Specialist"
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
GLORIA SWANSON
RODOLPH VALENTINO
In "Beyond the Rocks"
JOHNNY HINES
In "Burn 'Em Up Barnes"

SYMPHONY HALL LAST 2 WEEKS
Every Night (Ex. Sun.)
POPS
ORCHESTRA OF 75 SYMPHONY PLAYERS
Agide Jacchia Conductor
Refreshments
ALL NIGHTS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

BRAVES FIELD 2 NIGHTS ONLY JULY 12-13
$50,000 FIREWORKS SPECTACLE
SCRAPPING THE NAVY
IN WHICH Battleships, Aeroplanes and Destroyers Will Operate and $10,000 Worth of Fireworks Will Be Set Off Each Night
Now on Sale, Steinert Hall, 162 Boylston Street
50c, $1 & $1.50. Box Seats $2.00

B.F. KEITH'S AMUSEMENT CENTRE OF BOSTON
Week June 26 at 2 & 8. R. G. LARSEN, Gen. Man.
A MASTER SHOW OF STARS
Greatest Attractions of the Year!
Triumphant Vaudeville Debut of Boston's Favorite Stage Star
JOHN CRAIG
With HELENKA ADAMOWSKA & CO.
In "BEHIND THE SCENES"
By Irving Dale and Rupert Jones
The Popular International Dance Star
PRINCESS RADJAH
In Her Famous "DANCE OF CLEOPATRA"
MAURICE DIAMOND & CO
With Helen McMahon and Marion Stamford in "SNAPSHOTS OF 1922"
Greatest of All Eccentric Dancers
JACK DONAHUE
Dancer to His Majesty!
Late Star of "Two Little Girls in Blue"
Initial Boston Appearance. New Hit.
CHICK—YORKE & KING—ROSE
In "The Old Family Tintype"
HARRISON GREENE and KATHERINE PARKER
In Their Comedy Success, "AT THE DEPOT"
EXTRA! Don't Miss the Great JACK DONAHUE and PRINCESS RADJAH Travesty. One Continuous Scream.
BOB & "TIP" New and Novel | BARRETT & FARNUM Dancing Demons
AESOP'S FABLE | TOPICS | PATHE NEWS
Extra Attraction! Extra Attraction!
Favorite Baritone and Star of Many Successes
GEO. MACFARLANE
In a Program of His Popular Song Hits
HERBERT LOWE, Accompanist
Seats one week in advance. Checks payable to Treas. B. F. Keith's Theatre
SUNDAY NIGHT AT 8 P. M.
VIVIENNE SEGAL, BOB HALL, William Ebs, Hawthorne & Cook, Ann Gray, MOREY PEARL'S Orchestra, Powers & Wallace, Frank Ward.
NEXT WEEK—BILLY VAN & JIM CORBETT

PROVINCETOWN
PILGRIMS' FIRST LANDING
100-mile round trip to CAPE COD on large wireless equipped, iron steamship DOROTHY BRADFORD
Leaves Wharf, 400 Atlantic Ave., DAILY 9:30 A.M., Sundays and Holidays 10 A.M.
Daylight Saving Time
Refreshments Orchestra

NANTASKET BEACH
BOSTON'S ONLY HARBOR SAIL
BATHING
SHORE DINNERS
BAND CONCERTS
Wonderful, Sensational, Amusements for Young & Old
PARAGON PARK
Hourly trips every day. Sunday and holidays, every few minutes. Last boat back 10:45 P. M.
ALL STEAMERS FROM ROWE'S WHARF
PLYMOUTH THE ALL DAY SAIL
DOWN THE SOUTH SHORE TO RECONSTRUCTED PLYMOUTH
STATEROOMS RESERVED
FARE REDUCED
Round Trips, Adults $1.75
Children, 5 to 12 Years, $1.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY at 10:00 A. M.
All Steamers from Rowe's Wharf, Boston

$12,750.00

already given away for

FORTUNATE NAMES

YOU MAY GET SOME OF THIS MONEY

EVERY WEEK $1050.00 Will Be Paid For Fortunate Names. If You Don't Win This Week, Send Your Name In Again——As Often As You Like!

$100 Each Day for the MOST Fortunate Names

$50 Each Day to the 8 Next Most Fortunate

$100 has been paid to each person shown in this page. Get your picture among the big winners next Sunday. Go to it!

WHAT IS YOUR NAME
WHAT IS YOUR BIRTHDAY

Is It Fortunate?

Every name has a meaning all its own, and the meaning of your particular name is the keynote to your character. The Boston Daily Advertiser is seeking fortunate names. Maybe YOURS is a fortunate name. Send it in.

Gertrude Halstead WILL TELL YOU

And if yours IS the most fortunate name received for the day, you get the $100 award. If yours is not the MOST fortunate, perhaps you will receive one of the eight other prizes.

Just Sign the Fortunate Name Coupon and Send It in as Directed

Then Watch for Your Name on the Fortunate Name Page

Read It at the Breakfast Table

We guarantee to Deliver the Daily Advertiser Early Every Morning by Carrier.

WHY NOT HAVE IT DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME?

Fill out the Order Blank and send it to us. We will start delivering the Daily Advertiser to you at once.

The carrier boy will collect from you each week.

If you are sending in a fortunate name coupon, you may send both coupon and order blank in the same envelope.

HOME DELIVERY ORDER BLANK

To the Boston Daily Advertiser, 309 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

Please start delivering the Daily Advertiser to me at the address given below until ordered discontinued. I will pay your carrier boy at the regular carrier rate.

Signed .....
Street .....
Apartment .....
City .....

Just sign this coupon, cut it out and mail it to Gertrude Halstead, Fortunate Name Editor, 309 Washington St., Boston (8), Mass.

Fortunate Name Coupon

THE DAILY ADVERTISER

FORTUNATE NAMES

Money in Them—Send in Yours

NAME	FATHER'S NAME	MOTHER'S NAME
First	First	First
Middle	Middle	Middle
Last	Last	Maiden

DATE OF BIRTH.....

ADDRESS .....

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER

LAST WEEK'S WINNERS

How To Educate a Wife

By Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of

"Three Weeks," "His Hour," "My Secrets of Love," Etc.

The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, June 25, 1922
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"Women subconsciously look upon the wedding ceremony as the knell of effort—the thing which has secured to them for life a male creature, tied and bound."

No. 3

YOU have grasped by now, I hope—any woman who may be reading these words—the secret meaning of what I have written.

Your first object must be to please your husband's eye, and so call forth his admiration. That is, if your aim is to keep him as a lover and have joy in your home. Even where money is none too plentiful, a girl took good care to finish her business worries and make herself look delectable before seeing her young man in the evening, no matter how tired she might be.

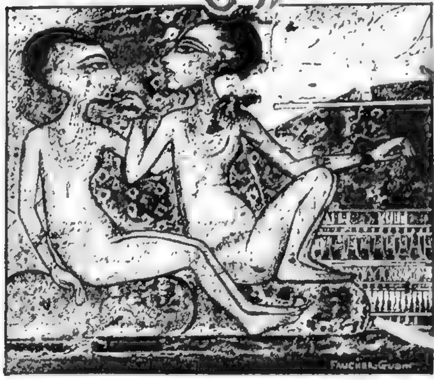
So why suppose he will go on loving you if you neglect these points after you have taken on matrimony? Matrimony, which brings into being far greater rivals for you to fight, such as Custom and Continued Propinquity and the absence of factors to keep alive the man's hunting instinct; all things really much more dangerous foes to take the man from you than another girl's face was when he was free.

Marriage usually makes the woman more fond and the man less fond—just for the reason that women subconsciously look upon the wedding ceremony as the knell of effort—the thing which has secured to them for life a male creature, tied and bound.

In these modern days the old idea of marriage has a good deal gone by the board. It is much too often entered into now in the most casual spirit, with no sense of responsibility attached. Both feel under no serious obligation to do their best. They woo each other strongly for a little, do not worry to please each other afterward, and look ahead to divorce with complacency. To such as these it is quite useless to speak. They must "drae their own wierds" and receive the punishment fate always brings down upon the heads of weaklings. It is only those entering the bond with good intentions and real hopes of continuing in happiness that I venture to write. And there must be some of these left.

Where Egypt's Most Hated Queen Took Her Baths

Curious Revelations of Domestic Discord in the Long Lost "Lotus Pools" of Nefertiti; Whose Daughters, Cut Her Name Off All the Monuments and Had Their Own Heads Put on All Her Statues



The Two Undutiful Daughters of Queen Nefertiti Who, After Her Death, Cut Her Name Off All the Monuments and Tried to Put Their Own Heads on All Her Statues.

—And—

The Pharaoh Akhnaton Making an Offering to the Sun God, for Whom He Ordered All the Old Gods to Be Forgotten.

(Photos by Permission of the Egypt Exploration Society and Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft)

Remarkable Bust of Poor Old Much-Hated Queen Nefertiti, Found in the Ruins of Her "Pleasure Palace" at Tell-el-Amarna, and Which, by Some Freak of Chance, Escaped the Malice of Her Daughters.

BACK a thousand years before the birth of the Saviour there lived a young Pharaoh of Egypt who was possessed of quite extraordinary courage. His name was Amenophis. He believed that there was only one god over Egypt and the rest of the world, and he believed that god was the sun. But his land had many gods and their priests were very powerful, especially those of the deity Amon-re.

Amenophis defied the priests, closed everywhere the temples of all divinities except the sun god Aton, confiscated their property, had their statues destroyed and even their names chiseled from the temple walls. Especially active was he in his campaign against the great god Amon-re. He commanded that the name be not "tolerated nor pronounced," and he himself gave up his name—Amenophis — meaning "Amon-Is-Content," and took that of Akhnaton, or "Glory-of-the-Solar-Disk."

For six hundred years the ancestors of the Pharaoh had lived in Thebes, where was also the powerful temple of Amon-re. Furthermore, Amenophis had married a princess whose family was closely allied to that of the High Priest of the god Amon-re. Nefertiti was her name, and the King loved her very dearly. Because she would not bedevil him so that for peace and quiet he would turn away from Aton and back to the old gods, her relatives were much displeased with her, and when it was found that she was actually believing heart to heart and mind to mind with her King, they hated her. As they were very strong, they made a great many more people who thought as they [illegible] hate her, too.

So many people hated her, in fact, that after a while they made Nefertiti so uncomfortable that Pharaoh Akhnaton moved out of his ancestral town entirely.

B[illegible] and baggage, wife and court, he travelled 270 miles further down the Nile toward Cairo, and there in the raw, hot [illegible] of the desert he built a wonderful city. Hundreds of thousands of slaves and workmen labored on it. Temples to the god Aton and palaces arose. A lake was created and many pools of cool water, and trees and flowers were planted.

Out of the desert, at the cost of treas[illegible] incalculable to us of to-day, the [illegible] made a garden of Pleasure. Then Nefertiti died. And after a while he also [illegible]. The old gods came back to their [illegible]. The priests of Amon-re again [illegible] Egypt. The City of the Sun was [illegible]. Soon the sands filled up its [illegible] pools and covered its temples [illegible] palaces.

For centuries the sands covered it until at last only a mound in the desert remained with a squalid little Egyptian town [illegible] at its base. It was called the Tell el Amarna, or Hill of Amarna.

Now the Egypt Exploration Society has uncovered its streets and buildings.

But most interesting, from the human viewpoint at least, the scientists have dug out of the desert the Pleasure Palace which Akhnaton built for his Queen, and have found in it the very "Lotus Pools" where Nefertiti took her baths and where the Pharaoh himself, when sad and burdened with affairs of state, came, no doubt, to be amused by her ladies-in-waiting [illegible], which was a custom of [illegible] in those days.

[illegible] the scientists found queer toilet instruments and odd paraphernalia for [illegible] feminine comeliness—many of the beauty secrets, indeed, by which the Queen kept up her sway over Akhnaton's [illegible] and affection.

[illegible] they found, too, extraordinary evidence of a most unusual domestic [illegible]. Poor Queen Nefertiti, beside [illegible] so blamed for her husband's queer behavior to the old gods that she has been called the "most hated Queen of Egypt," was apparently hated as vigorously by her own daughters! At any rate, when she died and they each in their turn ruled for a short time in her place, they cut her name from all the monuments, and cut off the heads of her statues, putting replicas of their own in the place of them; or where they couldn't cut off the heads, they made the court sculptors go over them with a chisel until they looked as much as possible like themselves.

It is a curious coincidence that this is exactly what their father had done to the names and statues of the gods he had rejected. He had cut their names off the monuments, and changed their statues wherever he could, to those of Aton, and where he couldn't he had destroyed them.

Of the two daughters of Nefertiti and Akhnaton the oldest was named Meri-Aton. There is a painting of them on one of the walls of the palace. What was the reason for their [illegible] is not yet plain. Certainly [illegible] could not have held their mother in much respect or affection to have desired to wipe out all memory of her from the minds of her subjects. Or was it a revenge of the priests of Amon-re, who wanted to punish her even in death for not turning her husband's mind back to the old gods?

Certainly the King never faltered in his love for his "hated Queen." In one of the inscriptions which escaped the wrath of the daughters and priests is a reference to a "House for Sending the Aton to Rest," or "House for Putting the Sun to Bed." Here the vesper services were held, and at these services the Queen officiated. The reference to her, dictated no doubt by the Pharaoh himself, is touching. "The great King's wife," it reads, "His beloved, abounding in her beauty; her who sends Aton to rest with a sweet voice and with her two beautiful hands bearing the two sistrums. The mistress of the Two Lands, Nefur-Nefru-Aton, Nefertiti, living forever and forever."

The King died. The court returned to Thebes. The priesthood of Amon-re had triumphed. The Egyptians carried away buildings in whole blocks down to the lowest foundations, devastated the temples and smashed the sculptures; the ruins became buried under the drifting sands and the city was forgotten for 3,000 years.

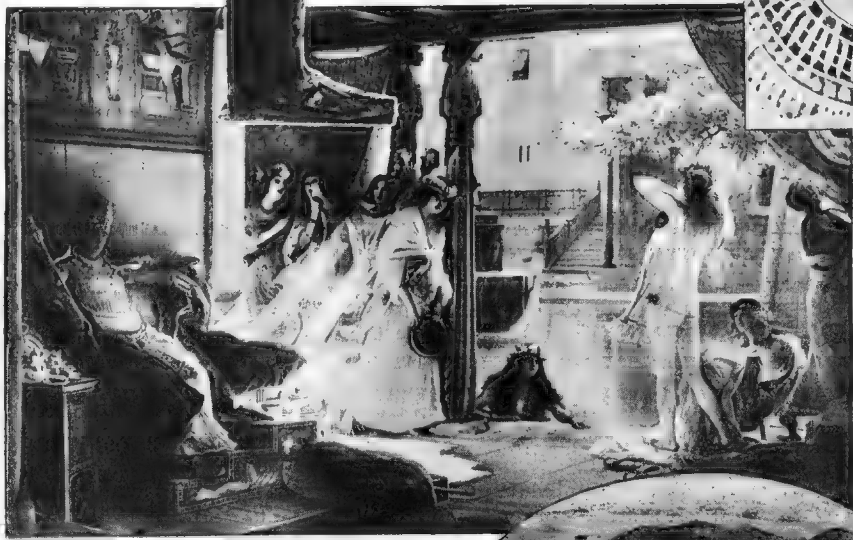
The location was so desolate and the town mounds so unpromising that they attracted but little attention in the archaeological world till the now famous Tell el-Amarna tablets suddenly came to light [illegible] the dust called "sebakh" to fertilize his land.

There is next a gap of fifteen years in the history of the site till the appearance of fine objects of Akhnaton's reign in the shops of the Cairo dealers tempted the Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft to make a trial excavation with such good results that they held the site till 1914.

About one-fifth of the town area was thus cleared, making important additions to our knowledge of Egyptian domestic architecture and town planning, besides recovering the extraordinary group of royal portrait statues in the peculiar art of the period. But no very striking contributions had been made to the history of the Akhnaton "heresy." That privilege remained for the present season. In 1920 the site was granted to the Egypt Exploration Society, then ready to resume its excavation interrupted in a course of over thirty years only by the war.

The opening task in this second year's campaign was to continue the clearance of the "walled village" at the foot of the eastern cliffs discovered by Professor T. E. Peet late in the Spring of last year.

At this point the excavation was resumed. A month's work with 175 native helpers hastened along by the purchase of the light railway saw the village well uncovered.



Lecomte-du-Nouy's Painting of a Pharaoh in the Baths of His Wife's Palace and Being Entertained by Her Ladies-in-Waiting and Dancers. Just Such a Pool as This Might Have Been the "Lotus Pool" of Queen Nefertiti, and Many Times, Without Doubt, Her Husband Visited It in Just This Way.

All That Is Left of the Elaborate Baths and Pools in the "Pleasure Palace" of the Hated Queen, Just Uncovered by the Egypt Exploration Society. (Photo by the Egypt Exploration Society.)

Operations were next moved to the city in the plain. After clearing a section of intervening houses Director Leonard G. Woolley decided to excavate an extensive ruin about a mile south of the staff house. The site, which was terribly broken, was tentatively designated the Southern Palace of Akhnaton, and later called the Royal Pleasure Park, for so it seemed. Both enclosures were once surrounded by buttressed walls evidently destroyed in early times for the stones they contained.

It was here that the old Queen's "Lotus Pools" was found.

"On the first day," reads the advance report, "we hit upon frescoed pavements. The part of the building upon which we started was a "water court' 'of a type not yet, we think, found in Egypt. It was an oblong hall with a row of painted brick columns down the centre; these were divided from one another by T-shaped tanks with sloping sides, on which, just above water level, were painted lotuses and other water plants with vines on trellises above them. Beyond the 'water court' there was a garden of trees spreading along the great enceinte wall and across the enclosed area from north to south, dividing the main garden from the rest of the palace proper."

Returning to the "water court" it was noted that four tanks were separated from the remaining seven by a passageway that led out between flower beds and continued straight onward in the axis of an unusual but beautiful temple.

"Its peculiarity was that the fore court was divided from the pronaos and entirely surrounded by a small open canal; islanded as it was, both the approach to it and the passage from it to the pronaos must have been by bridges. Every stone has been removed and only the cement foundations remain, still preserving the paint lines with which the Egyptian architect set out his plans for the builders. But masses of broken columns with reeded shafts, decorated with lotus flowers, papyrus capitals, shafts with ducks, such as those found by Petrie, and architectural details treated with naturalistic designs, strew the site."

This "water temple" stood near the head of "a great shallow lake, [illegible] in the desert, the waste heaps from which are still conspicuous to the south of the site. A long stone causeway ran out over the low ground to the water's edge, having at its end an elaborately decorated gateway, which must have served as a quay." Evidently this was the sacred lake adjacent to its temple, as we are accustomed to see in Egypt.

On nearly every piece from this site the name of Queen Nefertiti [illegible] been erased and that of her daughter, Meri-Aton, substituted, and the Queen's characteristics removed and even her portrait altered to that of the Princess!

"A door by the side of the throne," says the report, "leads to a peristyle court, on either side of which is a broad staircase going up to the rooms which lay over the cellars. The peculiar feature is that the court closely resembles a Roman atrium, the columns along its three sides supported a corridor roof, but left in the middle a small space in which were flower beds. This central court opened into the third and last apartment, having twelve columns in three rows, suggesting that it was roofed. It might be a harem, or a hall of audience, or a combination of the two."

It was, most probably, the palace of the Queen.

More wonderful discoveries may still come from Amarna, which will be welcomed, as they explain these hidden romances of past history.

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Four Times "Left Waiting at the Church"

Will Young Allister McCormick Be Really Lucky If Miss Baker Keeps on Changing Her Mind and Never Does Marry Him?

Four Times Allister McCormick Has Patiently Waited for Miss Baker to Keep the Promised Marriage Date, and Four Times She Has Disappointed Him and Left Him "Waiting at the Church."

With Uplifted Hand the Capricious Bride-to-Be, or Bride-Never-to-Be, Declared, as She Sailed on the Steamer, That the Wedding Would Surely Come off This Time.

Miss Mary Landon Baker, in Fancy Dress, Who Now Fixes September as the Fifth and Final Wedding Date With Young McCormick.

Young Allister McCormick, as He Gloomily Took the Steamer and Occupied the Bridal Suite—Alone.

THE readers of the newspapers are somewhat familiar with the exploits of pretty Miss Mary Landon Baker, the fashionable Chicago society girl and heiress who has played so many tricks on young Mr. Allister McCormick, one of the famous Chicago McCormick multi-millionaires.

Young McCormick won the heart of Miss Baker (or supposed he had) and Mary agreed to marry Allister in May of last year.

It looked like a very happy matrimonial prospect. Young McCormick was a thoroughly wholesome, nice chap and very rich, the son of L. Hamilton McCormick, one of the heirs to the great McCormick reaper fortune. Miss Baker is the daughter of Alfred L. Baker, a fashionable and wealthy Chicago broker, and a girl whom many men would feel proud to win.

But when the month of May arrived last year and the day that had been set for the wedding approached, Miss Baker suddenly announced that the wedding would be postponed—but she never explained why.

Well, of course, lots of things turn up to interfere with the complete convenience of having a marriage on the date first arranged. So not much attention was paid to the postponement and in due time another set of wedding invitations was sent out announcing that Mary and Allister would be married on January 2 of this year. All of the fashionable world of Chicago had dresses made for the wedding, polished up their pews and assembled at the church. The bridegroom was there, his eyes sparkling with happiness and anticipation, and the organ began to roll out the introductory music of the ceremony.

Suddenly a messenger arrived in breathless haste at the church and the bridegroom and assembled guests were stunned by the announcement that capricious Miss Mary had changed her mind again and indefinitely postponed the wedding.

On the steamer which was to have taken the happy pair of young lovers on a European honeymoon sat Allister McCormick, silent and alone. As the ship pulled out from the dock in New York the picture which is printed on this page was taken of the lonely bridegroom—that is, of the lonely man who had looked forward to that honeymoon trip as a bridegroom but was making the voyage alone. Single and without his expected mate he occupied the bridal suite.

Miss Baker meanwhile had had another glow of affection for the man she had twice promised to marry, and she suddenly appeared in New York and took passage to England with her mother and sixty-two trunks. This time, she swore to the reporters with uplifted hand, she would marry Allister McCormick just as soon as she got across the ocean.

This was in April, and friends and relatives abroad began to get ready for the wedding early in May—the third promised ceremony. But scarcely had Miss Baker reached the other side than she mysteriously disappeared and the third promised ceremony was again postponed.

At last Mary turned up and smilingly greeted reporters and announced that everything was now fully settled and arranged, and positively and beyond any possibility of doubt she would marry young McCormick "early in June."

And as the first of June approached and the now intensely interested and curious friends and relatives of the young woman began to watch the mails for the wedding invitations, there came the announcement from Miss Baker that the wedding was postponed for the fourth time, but that it would take place early in September."

What is the matter with Mary Landon Baker?

Is she a spoiled child who cannot see what a cruel thing it is to play hide-and-seek with a man's heart?

Is Mary a perfectly heartless girl, governed by utterly selfish whims, who does not care how wretched she makes the man who loves her?

Or is Mary Landon Baker such an unstable, volatile little person that she really does not know her own mind from one hour to another and is deeply in love with Allister McCormick one day and indifferent to him the next?

Is such a girl worth marrying? Will McCormick be lucky if Mary Landon Baker keeps on postponing the wedding until he is tired out and disgusted. Would it be anything but a misfortune for any man to marry such a seemingly fickle-minded girl, whose affections apparently blow hot and blow cold and promise interminable misery to anybody who succeeds in marrying her?

Some of young McCormick's friends have come to feel that he is to be congratulated on the various postponements of the wedding and that he should look forward to next September with the hope that the girl, instead of marrying him, will once more postpone the wedding and perhaps bring him to the point of telling Mary the engagement is broken for good and forever.

When the second postponement of the wedding fell like a pall on the fashionable congregation that filled the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago last January Mary's father, Alfred L. Baker, bore the burden of his daughter's excuses, saying that "she had suddenly become too ill to go on with the ceremony." It was by all means the nearest that Miss Baker ever came to getting married. It was the day after New Year's and it was to be the big social event of the year in Chicago.

Society filled to the doors the fashionable Fourth Presbyterian Church. The minister was robed and ready to perform the ceremony, and the choir had raised its voice in glorious wedding song. The organist's fingers rested on the keys ready to fill the edifice with the strains of the wedding march when—the bride's father announced that his daughter had suffered a nervous collapse.

But Miss Baker herself, after she had been sent away to California to recuperate her health, gave a rather fulsome account of that tragic occasion:

"I was awfully tired Saturday morning, but got on because the dressmaker wanted to try on my dresses. Don't I hate dresses!

"I slept all day Sunday, I was so tired and nervous. And Allister came over.

"When Allister saw I was ill on Sunday night," she continued, "he insisted on postponing the ceremony, but I would not think of it. Next morning I was so weak and exhausted from dressmakers' fittings and the round of parties people gave for us that I could not get up.

"Dr. Walker said I could never last through the ordeal. The hair-dresser came. While she was curling my hair Allister telephoned for about the tenth time and mother insisted we postpone the ceremony or have it in the house. About 1.30 I went from my bedroom to the drawing-room to have my wedding picture taken, I collapsed—wedding gown, veil, flowers and all. And the next thing I knew it was seven o'clock on the evening of January 2 and I was not married."

Soon the story got around that Barry Baxter, the actor who died the other year, had something to do with the real reason for Miss Baker's collapse. His last appearance was as the leading man with Ina Claire in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." But he had met Miss Baker last year while playing in "Happy Go Lucky." Lord Allerton introduced him to Miss Baker and the McCormick's.

When he heard the rumors linking his name with Miss Baker's he tried to set matters right.

"Miss Baker is not in love with me," he said.

But he never denied the story that on the day of her postponed marriage Miss Baker sent the young actor a telegram which read:

"When I put on my wedding dress I found I could never go through with it."

After she felt her health sufficiently improved, Miss Baker started from California on her 6,000-mile journey to the side of her faithful and patient fiancee.

"I will marry Allister immediately on my arrival in England," she exclaimed, as she took the boat. "We are going through with it this time no matter what happens. Allister is the dearest, sweetest thing in the world and I love him dearly. He is waiting for me in England and I am impatient to be with him. We are going to be married. That is certain."

Miss Baker spent her time in Paris and at the home of a friend in Normandy, where she led a strict country life doing everything she could to bolster up her health. And the expected early wedding was again postponed. And then Mary declared she would positively be married "early in June."

But when the time for her fourth appointed wedding date approached she came to Paris, where she was frequently seen shopping with young Mr. McCormick. Then she announced her intention of going to England, and with that decision came this assertion: "I shall naturally meet many young eligible men in the English social world. If there is anyone I feel I like better than I do Allister, I shall break my engagement at once. If I do not meet anyone I like better I shall return to France, probably in September. And then my marriage to Allister will be quietly celebrated."

Will Mary marry Allister in September?

Will Mary ever marry Allister at all?

And if they do marry will they be happy?

Is a man lucky or unlucky to escape marrying such a girl?

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Chained in a Cellar by a

Terrifying Adventure of Women Who Thoughtlessly with a Stranger, Found They Kidnapped by a Crazy Ex- Were Tortured for a Night and Forced to Look on While Jeering Jailer Dug the Grave He Promised to Bury Them

The Walling Up Alive of Constance de Beverley, the Unfortunate Heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion." It Was This Same Agonizing Slow Death, the Grinning Lunatic Grimes Told His Two Captives, That He Really Wanted to Deal Out to Them, but "Burying Alive in a Grave in the Cellar Would Have to Content Them."

Miss McMahon, Climbing Up Through the Entrance of the Cellar in Which She and Mrs. Jenkins Were Chained by the Maniac.

TWO pretty young women were standing on a street corner in the heart of Omaha's business district the other day, waiting for a trolley car. One was Mrs. Jean Jenkins, a young Omaha matron. The other was her friend, Miss Kathryn McMahon.

As the moments passed and no car came the girls became impatient. It was late in the afternoon and Mrs. Jenkins's husband would expect his dinner. Miss McMahon was also anxious to get home early, as she had an engagement that evening with her sweetheart. Still no car came.

The girls had about decided to walk home when an automobile drew up beside the curb and the driver hailed them pleasantly.

"There's a bad blockade down the line," he said. "If you happen to be going my way, I'd be glad to take you along."

The man tipped his hat and smiled genially. He seemed to be a good-natured farmer of early middle age, and his speech was so frank that the girls hesitated only a moment.

They knew, of course, that accepting a strange man's invitation for an automobile ride was a rather unconventional and, perhaps, a dangerous thing.

But it was daylight, they were together, or they were in a hurry, and the man was so kindly that there seemed to be no question of his motives. He was simply trying to do a good turn, they thought, and after thanking him and giving their address, both girls jumped into the rear seat and the automobile started on in the direction of their home.

As they came in sight of their street Mrs. Jenkins and Miss McMahon gathered up their packages and prepared to thank the kindly gentleman for his assistance in getting the a home. But instead of slowing up at the corner, the driver stepped on the accelerator and the car shot past their street at forty miles an hour.

Miss McMahon became alarmed. She touched the driver on the shoulder.

"We've gone past our block!" she called over the roaring engine.

The man huddled up in the driver's seat. He did not seem to hear. Miss McMahon shook him again.

"You're taking us out of our way!" she cried. "Do you hear?"

For answer the driver stepped harder on the accelerator. His figure seemed to stiffen. The now thoroughly alarmed young women screamed to him to stop the automobile.

The man turned his head. What they now saw in his face caused both girls to huddle back in the seat in terror.

Their driver's kindly expression had vanished. In its place was a crazy grin. He began to titter.

And suddenly the two realized they were riding with an insane man!

Miss McMahon and Mrs. Jenkins clung to each other in speechless fright as the speeding automobile narrowly missed a street car at the next corner. Then they screamed.

Without slowing down, the driver turned his head to them once more. This time the grin had vanished. Driving expertly with his left hand, he slipped his right arm over the seat and pointed an automatic pistol at the young women.

"One more yelp out of you," he shouted, "and I'll shoot you both!"

The girls huddled in a corner of the car, trembling. The man, driving recklessly with one hand, kept the pistol before their eyes while he drove fast and faster toward the outskirts of the city.

The two sat rigid, hoping that someone would be attracted by the speeding car and come to their rescue. But the people of Omaha are quite accustomed to speeding automobiles and, beyond remarking that it would serve that crazy driver and those two pretty girls quite right if they had a smash-up, no one paid much attention to the racing car.

Miss McMahon peered from the rear window of the car, hoping that some motorcycle policeman would be in pursuit. There was none. Except for indignant pedestrians imperilled by the reckless driving, the streets were clear. Mrs Jenkins tried to signal to these with her hand. They shook their fists back, apparently thinking that after trying to kill them, the occupants of the automobile were adding insult to injury by waving at them in derision.

Faster and faster went the car—fifty miles an hour—fifty-five—sixty-five—until with a sudden jar that nearly upset all of the occupants it leaped from the asphalt to a dirt road leading into the country.

This road was deserted. The last chance of rescue had passed. The two young women realized that now they were completely in the maniac's power.

If they wondered what their fate would be, they were not kept in suspense very long. With a final look over his shoulder, the driver slowed up and turned sharply into a deserted lane, overrun with weeds and vines. After travelling about a mile farther they came in sight of a wooden shack in the middle of a clump of underbrush. The maniac stopped the car.

"Now!" he jeered. "Scream all you want to! Yell! Holler! See if anybody will hear you!"

Miss McMahon burst into tears. The madman laughed so loudly that all the echoes of that desolate spot were awakened. Mrs. Jenkins screamed.

"Louder!" cried the maniac. "Here, I'll help you!"

"Help, help, help!" he screeched. "Is that loud enough for you? Help! Ha-ha-ha! He-he-he! Go on and yell!"

The girls tried to run. Their kidnapper whipped out his pistol and fired into the ground at their feet. Miss McMahon fainted. As Mrs. Jenkins ran to her side the maniac caught both of them with the grip of a gorilla and dragged them back to the car.

"Run away—will you?" he chuckled. "I'll show you!"

He reached into the car and drew out a heavy logging chain, about eight feet long. He looped one end of this around the neck of Miss McMahon and fastened it with a heavy padlock. The other end he wrapped around the neck of Mrs. Jenkins and snapped another padlock through the links. The two girls were now bound to each other with five feet of chain between them.

Mrs. Jenkins remembered reading somewhere that the best way to deal with an insane man is to pretend that his conduct is quite sensible. So she forced a smile and asked the madman if he was enjoying himself.

"Yes," he replied, with a leer. "But not as much as I am going to! Wait!"

He took the chain and dragged them toward the wooden shack. Again both girls cried out in pain and terror. The lunatic laughed and jangled the chains. When they struggled, he pulled until the rusty links cut into their flesh.

"Run!" he commanded.

The girls stumbled toward the shack as their persecutor laughed and tugged at their fetters.

The shack contained one bare and dirty room, empty of furniture. Their abductor shoved them into a corner of it and then coolly locked the door, putting the key in his pocket.

Now they saw that there was a trapdoor in the centre of the plank floor.

The crazy man raised it with considerable effort and stared into the black hole that it covered. He rubbed his hands briskly and chuckled. He rose and tiptoed like a cat to the corner. The girls clung to each other and huddled against the wall. He chuckled again.

His arm shot out and he seized the chain. The girls clasped his knees and begged for mercy.

"Save your tears until you see what I am going to do!" he laughed. He dragged them over the floor to the hole. The chains cut so deeply that the young women were forced to let go of his legs and interpose their hands between the chain and their necks.

The maniac stopped at the hole and pointed.

"Get down!" he ordered.

Then, as they shrank back. "Do you hear me?" he repeated. "Do you want me to throw you in?"

"Please!" cried Mrs. Jenkins. "Please let us go!"

He shook her off and forced her into the pit. She clung desperately to his feet, to Miss McMahon, to the trapdoor. The lunatic twisted her arm until she released her hold and dropped!

Fortunately the fall was but a few feet. But the weight of her body jerked the chain taut. Miss McMahon was pulled headlong after her into the pit!

Both lay for an instant senseless on the damp dirt floor. They awakened to see the black silhouette of the madman letting himself down the hole. He pulled the trap shut behind him—and all three were in utter darkness.

A moment of silence and then they heard him moving about. He struck a match and they could see his face leering at them. He lighted a candle in a bottle and the cellar flickered into sight.

In the hazy light they were barely able to discern the wet, muddy walls of their prison and the contents of the pit. Scattered about the floor were several huge blocks of solid concrete, each weighing several hundred pounds. Their abductor found a candle, which he lit and set on one of these blocks.

Then he began to creep toward his captives.

In the candle light his face was distorted, devilish. His eyes rolled. His hair had fallen over his face. He smirked, hideously. As he crept toward them with his arms outstretched and his fingers clutching, they realized for the first time all the frightfulness of the situation. They were in the power of a maniac who meant to torment them, perhaps to kill them. They could expect no help—no rescue. Those who would miss them first—Mrs. Jenkins's husband and Miss McMahon's fiance—had not yet had time to become alarmed and begin to search. Only a miracle could save them.

As the leering figure continued to creep, foot by foot, across the floor of their prison the shivering girls backed farther and farther into the corner of the pit.

Soon they struck the clammy wall. They could go no farther. With a sob of despair they clung to each other and watched the stealthy approach.

As the maniac passed the candle, his figure became a crouching silhouette. Closer and closer he crawled.

Suddenly he screeched and leaped!

The girls scrambled to their feet and started to run. They had gone but a few feet when the chain about their necks tightened and both were thrown to the floor. The maniac pounced upon them again.

Reason now almost gone, the chained pair ran about in the dark like terrified animals. They were followed by the lunatic. Their chain cut deeper into their throats as one dodged this way and the other that!

The candle was upset and guttered out. The trap door, which had been propped partly open, was shaken shut. The girls continued to slip about in the darkness, bruising their bodies on the blocks of concrete, stumbling, falling, the cruel chain cutting deeper into their necks. All the time they could hear the breathing of their tormentor and feel his fingers on their arms, their faces, everywhere!

At last the clanking chain tightened on both throats at once. Their pursuer had found it in the darkness. He pulled until their heads were brought together and both girls fell. With difficulty he relighted the candle. Then he dragged his prisoners to one of the largest blocks of all. An iron staple had been set in the concrete. And on the floor beside the block was another iron chain. The maniac fumbled in his pocket and brought out another padlock. He passed the new chain through the staple and then attached it by padlock to the chain around the girls' necks. This was done in such a manner that the two girls were able only to kneel or lie prostrate. If they tried to rise the chain gouged deeper and more unbearably into their flesh.

This finished, the lunatic took a seat on a nearby block and began to giggle! He held up the candle and looked into their faces.

"You know why I brought you here?" he asked.

The two girls were too weak to answer.

"I'm going to kill you!" he went on. Then paused. "I thought you'd be surprised," he said after a little silence.

"What have we done to you?" cried Mrs. Jenkins.

"Nothing!" replied the lunatic, with an air of surprise. "Why should you do

(*Continued on Next Page*)

H. E. Boyd, the Farmer Who, After Sharing for a Night the Captivity of the Two Girls, Managed to Break His Chains and Release Them.

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Grinning Maniac

Two Young Took a Ride Had Been Convict, and a Day Their in Which Alive

"Of course, what I'd like to do," said the grinning maniac, "would be to wall you two up alive. But I'll have to bury you alive instead!"

"First I'll throw a clod on you, then I'll throw another—and another. Well, I'll keep this up for a couple of hours. 'Bong!'—will go one clod on you. And then 'Bong!' another. And another—and another—and another!"

On each repetition he pointed downward into the grave, grinning diabolically.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

nything to me? Why I never saw either ne of you before in my life. I don't ven know your names. But that's got othing to do with it. Somebody has to be killed, and it might just as well be you."

"I have a husband who is waiting for m wondering what has happened to me," wept Mrs. Jenkins.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the maniac. "That makes it much better. I can just see him wondering where you are, and he best part of it is that he'll never find out! Never in the world! He won't even know you're dead. He'll think you got tired of him and ran away with somebody else. Ha! Ha!"

The black hole rocked with his laughter.

"Imagine it!" he went on. "All the time husband is looking for you, you'll be right here—under the ground. Nobody will think of looking here."

The girls began to sob hysterically.

"Oh, don't feel bad about it!" urged the maniac. "It's got to be done. Try to be philosophical!"

He leaned forward and stroked Mrs. Jenkins's hair. She writhed in helpless struggles.

"Think you're too good for me, do you?" said the man. He caught her in his arms brutally, and kissed her. She screamed and tore his face with her finger nails. Miss McMahon helped. But it was useless. With one savage blow he sent her back to the end of the chain, cowering. Then he overpowered Mrs. Jenkins with his insane caresses.

"Spunky, aren't you?" he said, at last releasing her and wiping his bleeding face. "Well, I'm kind of spunky, too."

He turned to his other cringing victim and the scene was repeated. By this time both girls were more dead than alive.

After a few moments he groped about the pit until he found a pick and shovel. He returned to the little circle of candlelight and struck his pick into the wet earth.

"I'm digging your grave," he explained, with a deadly nonchalance.

This time Mrs. Jenkins fainted.

The madman stopped work and, using his hat, scooped up some dirty water from a puddle on the floor. He threw it into her face.

"There's nothing to be frightened about," he said, when she had recovered consciousness. "Just because I'm digging your grave doesn't mean that I'm going to kill you. I said that I was at first, but I didn't mean it."

"You—you're going to let us go?" gasped Miss McMahon.

"Oh, no, no," he answered. "What I said was that I wasn't going to kill you. I'm only going to bury you alive. Doesn't that cheer you up any?" he asked.

The two girls could only look at him. Terror had wiped away the memory of words.

For a while he went on digging. The sinister six-foot hole in the cellar floor deepened now to a foot.

"Of course," he stopped digging, and grinned his crazy grin. "Of course, what I really would like to do would be to wall you two up alive. But bricks and mortar cost a lot and they would be hard to get here, and it would take a lot of time," he went along explaining reasonably, as one would to a child, the difficulties about some pleasant plan.

"That is what I meant to do in the first place," he went on, after a pause. "I guess I could tear down part of this wall and wall you up in it. It would be the best way. But I have been looking around and this ain't the right place for that. If I started to pull down the wall the whole building might come down and the basement would be full of dirt in no time. So I'll just have to bury you in the floor."

"But that would be murder just as much as though you killed us with your hands!" cried Mrs. Jenkins. "You would be killing us just the same and it would be worse than killing us outright."

"It's pretty wicked of you to try to persuade me to kill you myself," remonstrated the maniac. "When you're buried alive it won't be me that will stop your breath. It will be the weight, and no air. No, when I get this hole down about waist deep, I'll just bundle you two in and fill it up again."

He went on digging for a few moments, and then straightened up.

"That's the part I like to think about," he chuckled. "That will be fun! After you are in the grave I'll get some boards or something and fix them around your heads so that you can breathe for a while all right."

He paused to light a cigarette, and went on.

"Then I'll begin covering you up. That will take a long time. First I'll throw in a clod on you and then you'll scream. Then I'll throw another in on you and you'll scream harder—and then another—and another—and the harder you yell the better I'll like it. Remember that! I want you to holler all you please. Don't be a bit backward."

The two young women now realized that prayers, or pleading, or reasoning would have no effect upon their torturer. They only crouched and watched him with eyes of fascinated horror as he went on with his grave digging. After what seemed to them hours, he straightened up again and went on talking as though there had been no silent lapse.

"Well, I'll keep that up for a couple of hours," he said. "'Bong!'—will go a clod on you. And then 'Bong' another. And another—and another—and another."

On each repetition he pointed downward into the grave, grinning diabolically.

"If you begin to smother too soon, I'll shovel some of the dirt out again. We'll see how long we can keep it up."

The two girls leaned toward each other and began to pray. The lunatic laughed.

"Pray away! You certainly need all the prayers you can think up. Say, I'm telling you nobody ever needed prayers more than you do right now."

He stopped his digging and sat down on one of the concrete blocks, regarding them.

"I was going too fast with that grave," he explained. "If you want to enjoy anything right, do it slowly. That goes for eating, drinking, living or anything else. Remember that the next time you buy another ice cream soda. Ha-ha! That's a good one about the soda, isn't it?"

The girls paid no attention to him, continuing to pray desperately. He arose and rested on his shovel.

"You'll never have any more ice cream sodas. But maybe some candy will do. I have some upstairs. While you are waiting you might as well be enjoying yourselves. It is long past your supper time now. It must be around ten or eleven o'clock. And think of how your families are worrying now. I wonder what your husband thinks? Ha-ha!" he laughed again.

He mounted a concrete block and slid up through the trap door. In a moment he had returned with a double handful of sticky candy, which he proceeded to force into the girls' mouths. When they refused to eat it, he smeared some on their faces, dumped the rest in their laps and returned to his grave digging.

All that long night he dallied with his work, taking out a clod at a time and patting it into the shape of bricks.

"If we can't wall you up, we can do the next best thing," he explained. "These mud bricks will make it seem real enough. I'll just lay them in tiers. I'll cover your feet first with one tier of bricks. Then I'll cover your ankles, then your knees, and so on. When I get up to your necks, I'll take my time. If you're good, and yell real loud, I'll keep your faces outside for a couple of days—until you lose your voices, at any rate. You can count on that. It's a promise, so remind me if I forget."

He took off his coat and folded it for a pillow. He stretched out beside the concrete block and closed his eyes. In a moment he was snoring.

Close beside him lay the pick with which he had been digging the grave. The haft was pointed toward his victims and within easy reach of their hands.

Mrs. Jenkins conceived a desperate plan!

She reached cautiously forward, hardly daring to breathe. There was a telltale rattle of her chain. With one hand she held the links so they made no sound. With the other she reached for the handle of the pick, planning to kill their tormentor as he slept. Miss McMahon watched her, breathless.

She reached out as far as her chain would let her. Three tantalizing inches remained between her finger tips and the handle of the pick, but by lying in another position this distance could be overcome. Mrs. Jenkins silently rolled over on her back. Her fingers stretched out again.

They closed around the handle of the pick!

Slowly, painfully—inch by inch—she pulled the pick toward her. The madman still slept. Miss McMahon sat like stone. In a few seconds Mrs. Jenkins had drawn the weapon near enough to get her hand about the haft, when -

The lunatic sprang to his feet. He jumped like a cat and wrested the pick from Mrs. Jenkins's hands!

"I knew you'd try that," he said. "That's why I closed my eyes. Now, for that little trick you'll die last. But it looks as if we'd better finish things now. It isn't safe to look around."

He reached for the chain.

The girls screamed with their last reserve of strength. Every ounce of energy they had left went into that desperate cry. They repeated it, again and again, as the madman dragged them toward the open grave!

Farmer H. E. Boyd happened to be driving past the deserted shack. He heard the cries and stopped his automobile. They were repeated. He looked around for the sounds. It seemed impossible for them to come from the shack, for he knew that had been deserted for months. Nevertheless, he turned his automobile around and climbed the little hill on which it stood.

The noise of the motor, pounding along in low gear, came through the door of the shack and into the black prison of the two girls. The madman heard it and dropped the chain. As it came nearer and nearer he leaped up out of the pit and slammed down the trap door. He hid behind the door with his shovel.

Farmer Boyd stopped his car and entered the shack.

As he entered the single room the maniac leaped forward and brought the shovel down over his head. The farmer dropped to the floor.

A quick look outside satisfied the lunatic that Boyd was alone. He opened the trap and threw him down into the cellar, jumping after him.

When Farmer Boyd recovered consciousness he was chained to another concrete block, beside the two girls.

"As long as you walked into this you've got to die, too," said the madman. "But just how I'm going to do it is a problem. There isn't room in the grave or I'd bury you alive, too. I'll have to think up some other way. You're a lot of trouble, coming around like this!"

He studied the situation a moment while the girls wept with renewed despair and Farmer Boyd tried to collect his senses.

"That car of yours is going to be here," continued the maniac. "Somebody's going to see that there, and I'll be interrupted again. I think I'll just run that down to the river and get rid of it. Then I'll come back and get rid of you. By that time I'll know how I'm going to do it!"

He climbed out of the trap door. The three prisoners heard his footsteps across the floor.

A moment later they heard the engine start and recede in the distance.

As soon as they were alone they held a frightened conference. Now was their chance. What were they to do? Boyd tried his chains. They were too heavy to break without tools. He looked at the staple. It was imbedded in the concrete and would not budge. He dragged himself as far as his chains would allow, groping about the wet mud floor, looking for some tool that would be their salvation.

After anxious moments, during which they spoke in excited whispers and expected every second to hear the madman's heavy step on the floor above them, his hand encountered something that felt like iron. He ran his fingers along its length.

It was an old rusty screwdriver!

Boyd uttered a cry of joy and jammed the screwdriver between one of the links in his chain. He worked desperately to bend it, tormented by the thought that if it should break certain death awaited them all!

Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Slowly the steel link began to bend. A quarter of an inch! It was not enough! He strained every muscle! The chain gave a little more.

After a half hour of desperate work he had bent the iron chain far enough to detach it from the remaining links. He was free, except for the length of chain which remained padlocked about his neck.

The girls begged him to escape and bring the police, but this Boyd refused to do. He declared he would stay there until the madman returned, planning to kill him with the screwdriver as he let himself through the trap door. In the meantime he hacked away at the girls' chain, but nothing would break it.

They waited in breathless suspense for hours that seemed years. Although they did not know it, night came and another dawn had broken before the three decided the maniac would not return and Farmer Boyd agreed to get the police.

The trap-door was bolted. But there was a concrete block beneath it, and by standing upon it Farmer Boyd succeeded in forcing the [illegible] with his powerful shoulders.

He ran all the way to his farm and telephoned Sheriff Mike Clark.

Then he ran all [illegible] way back again to the shack, fearing that the madman had returned in [illegible].

The girls were still there [illegible]. With the police [illegible] came the frantic husband [illegible], who had been searching for [illegible] ever since their disappearance. [illegible] were called [illegible] their chains were [illegible]. Both girls collapsed as soon as [illegible] was certain.

All of Omaha, and [illegible] the State of Nebraska, was aroused by the extraordinary story. Posses were organized and the entire countryside was [illegible] for the maniac.

It was established through police photographs that the madman was [illegible] Grimes, a convict recently discharged from the Nebraska Penitentiary, and the police of every city in the United States were warned to be on the lookout. More than 1,000 rounds of pistol ammunition was found on the floor of the cellar, with which Grimes had planned to resist capture. Evidence of his insanity was seen in the fact that more than 600 pounds of candy was hidden in the place. The police are examining it for poison.

And while the hunt was at its height Gr[illegible] the streets of [illegible] following the [illegible]. He was recognized [illegible] Mr. [illegible], a former neighbor of [illegible] and call[illegible] that ac[illegible] caught his coat [illegible] Grimes [illegible] took himself free at [illegible].

H[illegible] and ran up [illegible] of Charles R[illegible] at the point of [illegible] cook [illegible].

An hour later [illegible] left the R[illegible] through the streets [illegible] to a bank, in [illegible] money. [illegible] walked up to [illegible] and drew money out. [illegible] occurred to the teller that this was the man whose picture was in all the papers [illegible] he had left the bank [illegible] the money was Grimes's own [illegible].

S[illegible] is still at large—probably [illegible] the same homicidal [illegible] capt[illegible]. His [illegible] shows that [illegible] who are [illegible] and [illegible]. For[illegible] have [illegible] they believe [illegible] bring about [illegible] capture.

Mrs. Jean Jenkins (at Left) and Miss McMahon, Wearing the Chains Which the Madman Locked Around Their Necks and Then Fastened to the Concrete Blocks in the Dark Cellar.

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UPTON SINCLAIR'S SENSATIONAL NEW NOVEL

They Call Me Carpenter!

WHAT would Christ do if he should return to earth today? This is the question men and women—sincere or sneering—have been asking each other for two thousand years. Reverently, yet fearlessly, Upton Sinclair sets out to answer that question. ¶ No novel of our time has caused a greater sensation than Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle"—novel of the Chicago stockyards. But that will pale into insignificance compared with the story of "Mr. Carpenter" and His adventures in our world of Jazz, Flappers, French Fashions and High Finance. ¶ It all begins with the stained glass window of St. Bartholomew's Church—in Hearst's International for July.

The second article in Norman Hapgood's great series on Henry Ford and the Jews

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Did you read "The Inside Story of Henry Ford's Jew-Mania?" in the June number? Now comes the second installment—even more startling. Read about the wild Jumble of Tsarists, Ford Jew-investigators, Roman Catholics, Masons, Pogroms, Protocols, Sinn Fein, Ku Klux Klan—and see if YOU can guess which documents are forgeries—and see if YOU can tell where the truth begins or ends.

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"I lifted my eyes and there in the aisle of St. Bartholomew, standing with his hand on my head, was the figure out of the stained-glass window. Where the figure had been was a great hole with the sun shining through."—See "They Call Me Carpenter" in Hearst's INTERNATIONAL *for July.*

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Lillian Russell's Beauty Secrets

Interesting and Valuable Nuggets of Thought and "Beauty Tonic" Stories from the Experiences of a Famous American Beauty

Lillian Russell and Her Second Husband, Ed. Solomon. From Photograph Taken in 1884.

Miss Russell in Her Part in "Princess Nicotine."

Lillian Russell at the Height of Her Comic Opera Career.

Lillian Russell and Her Third Husband, Signor Perugini, Whom She Married in 1894.

Miss Russell as Prince Rafael in the "Princess of Trebizonde."

WHEN Lillian Russell died the country lost one of its too few outstanding, entirely American stage personalities. But Lillian Russell was more than an actress and a beauty. She was a woman of the broadest sympathies and experience, and a "good sport" in the finest and best meaning of that phrase It was to be expected that in her crowded life she would acquire a store of philosophy. And here are a few nuggets of thought from that store.

Lillian Russell believed in cheerfulness and laughter. She considered the telling and hearing of a good story one of the most valuable of beauty secrets. Of such stories she had many, and of them all she liked best a good poker yarn. And here, on this page, are a few of these "beauty tonic" stories—as she used to call them—which were her favorites.

THE ideal of happiness of most every woman is to look ten years younger than her daughter.

* * *

Never worry about the inevitable. Just change your point of view about it

You can ask anybody anything; there is never any harm in that. The mischief is always in the answers you get—or give.

* * *

It is perfectly true that I have been imposed upon many, many times. But I still go on believing in human nature After all—one must live

* * *

Always remember this: Even if your husband is all right you are sure to find life tiresome sometimes—but never as tiresome as it would be without him

* * *

And I believe in re-marriages. If the adage "if at first you don't succeed try, try again," applies to every condition in life, why bar it from wedlock?

A pretty woman and a race horse can draw a man further and hold him longer—either the right or wrong direction—than any other combination designed by Fate

* * *

I think every woman ought to marry. The woman who doesn't is a coward and a slacker. It's better to have married wrong than never to have married at all.

* * *

The woman who grieves about anything cannot be beautiful She can't afford to grieve. The woman who wants to be beautiful must not worry. She must never allow herself more than temporary anger. She must think as kindly of everyone as she can. Not for their sakes—but for her own.

Whatever takes us out of ourselves prevents life from being a bore. The right kind of marriage discourages introspection It permits no sitting by the fireplace, elbow on knee and chin on hand, studying yourself. A normal man keeps you fairly busy studying him and adjusting your life and tastes to his and —gently modifying his to meet your own.

* * *

Women love with their ears. That is why the homeliest man can win the greatest beauty if he only has the patience and persistence to repeat to her how adorable she is and how much he loves her.

Man loves with his eyes. And that is why the pretty doll with sawdust brains can win the thinker with the million-volt headpiece or the captain of industry with a straight 1000 per cent business b[illegible] average when the lady with their kind of brains but hom[illegible] profile can't.

This is sad, [illegible] true.

Th[illegible] are the real secrets of beauty Don't worry. Adjust your point of view to the inevitable so that it will seem the only right and desirable thing. After all—what does it really matter? Don't hate. Don't b[illegible] [illegible] keep your skin young and your [illegible]. Never think of age [illegible] [illegible] Don't [illegible] [illegible] or, if you [illegible] English on the[illegible] [illegible] a year you[illegible], not a year ol[illegible] And every morning wrap yourself in a big bath towel and roll around the floor. Start in by doing it fifty times; keep it up till you are rolling two hundred and fifty.

[illegible] or other—a baby, [illegible] a tree. But love something Laugh. Be interested Tell funny stories. Listen to them and laugh—even if you're heard them fifty times before. Laugh from the diaphragm. Breathe deep. And that is all there is to it. Do these things and you will will be beautiful enough

Lillian Russell and Her Fourth and Last Husband, Alex. Moore.

Rather Matronly and Over Weight.

"Beauty Tonic" Stories That Miss Russell Told

MISS RUSSELL believed that the laughter and glow from the telling and hearing of a good story was one of the best of beauty secrets. Broad gauge and human always, she loved a good horse race and a good poker game. Of anecdotes and stories of the green table she had many. And here are a few of those she liked best to tell.

* * *

There were two gamblers who operated a crooked faro bank out in Cripple Creek, Colorado, in the days when the West was young

Cripple Creek was the gold mining centre of the world in those days and the two crooked gamblers had no trouble in trimming the miners for all that they were worth. Before very long, they had snared almost a million dollars apiece.

It was then that one of the gamblers heard the voice of his conscience, and Joe Higgins—that was his name—he said to the other:

"Bill, we've got all the money out of this bunch that we can ever hope to spend. Let's begin to go straight—what do you say?"

The unregenerate gambler sneered at his conscience-stricken friend.

"You're crazy," he said. "You're quitting just when the getting is good. Stick around a few days more and we'll have all the money in the camp."

"No," said Higgins sadly. "I don't know about you, Bill, but when I was a youngster I was brought up right—and that's the way I want to die. I'm going back to the little New England town where I was born. I'm going to join the church and the school board, and see if I can't amount to something worth while."

"All right," scoffed his pal. "I'm going to stick right here and get it all, myself."

Both were as good as their word. But as the years wore on, the unrepentant sinner began to get homesick for his converted pal, and he made a trip to the little New England town with the intention of paying him a visit. He walked up to the comfortable brick dwelling in which his former partner now lived and pounded loudly on the door. A trim housemaid answered his summons.

"Is Joe Higgins in?" demanded the visitor.

"If you mean Deacon Higgins," replied the housemaid, stiffly, "he is at church. This is Sunday."

The visitor found his way thither and entered the door. The congregation was singing, and after the song the pastor announced that Deacon Higgins would take up the collection.

As his reformed partner drew nigh with the collection plate a fiendish idea came into the head of the incorrigible Bill. He reached into his trousers pocket and pulled out a large blue poker chip, which he demonstratively tossed into the plate. Deacon Higgins, now white-haired and sedate, did not bat an eyelash. He carried the plate up to the altar, with the blue chip on the top of the pile of contributions.

But just after the minister had invoked a divine blessing on the donors of the collection and reached down to accept the plate. Deacon Higgins quietly reached into his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar. He put it on the collection plate in exchange for the blue chip, which he slipped into his pocket.

He turned to go, but the minister leaned over the pulpit and whispered:

"Deacon!"

Deacon Higgins returned to the altar.

And then the saintly man bent forward and addressed him in a stern, but confidential whisper:

"Deacon—THE BLUE ONES ARE WORTH FIVE!"

* * *

Nat Goodwin was barnstorming, early in his career. The company had got as far as Wickliffe, Kentucky, a small town on the Ohio River There they stuck Cairo, Illinois, a much larger place, was just across the river, but they had failed to make arrangements with the Opera House management in Cairo, had no theatre to play in, and were practically broke. No Wickliffe resident ever stayed in his town for recreation; they all went to Cairo.

The company were discussing their fix when they heard a hill-billy talking about "The Blue Front" on the Cairo levee "That game air a looloo," said the mountaneer, among other things

They listened enough to learn that the game referred to was poker, and that it was a "looloo" game. Then they decided to take a chance. Every cent the various actors had was turned over to Goodwin, the champion poker player of the troupe. As they reasoned, there wasn't enough to do them any good—they might as well gamble it.

Nat took the steamboat across to Cairo found "The Blue Front" and entered the game.

He began to win. But he was suspicious That is the way sharps trim their victims—letting them win at first. But Nat kept on winning, respite the fact that he played very conservatively.

At last he got a hand that made him more than ever suspicious. It was four aces.

"Well," thought Nat, "if I don't play this hand they'll get next to my suspicions and I'll never get back to Wickliffe with a cent. So I'd better play it out and take a chance."

He raised right along, until the only other player in the game called him. That cheered Nat; if the other player had stacked the cards to give himself a straight flush he would not have called. Nat had only a few dollars left

Nat showed his four aces. The other player, a tall, gaunt mountaineer, laid down a miscellaneous hand—not even a pair.

But he started to rake in the pot!

"Hold on [illegible] Nat [illegible] What's [illegible] matter with [illegible]

"Why, [illegible] mountain[illegible] Nat. Nat turned. The[illegible] a crude sign: "A LOOLOO BEAT FOUR ACES."

"W[illegible]" Nat asked.

"Thre[illegible] the mountaineer, and [illegible] him up

But Nat had a f[illegible] He played them with w[illegible] early in the morning [illegible] dred before him [illegible] hand when all six of [illegible] Nat stood pat. Th[illegible] but one was frozen [illegible] almost all [illegible] pot

"Strange[illegible] at last. "[illegible] beat. [illegible]

[illegible]

"THE LOOLOO CAN BE PLAYED ONLY ONCE IN A NIGHT!"

[illegible]

An actor bought a farm dow[illegible] were discussing his back-to-the [illegible]

"But does Jim know [illegible]" asked one.

"Know anything about far[illegible]" [illegible] the other. "Lord man, yes! Didn't he play [illegible] Old Homestead' an' 'Way Down East' for years?"

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Revelations by the Qu

Margaret Hill, the Famous "Vamp," the Aristocrats of the Criminal Explains How a Perfectly Hon Into a Crooked Timepiece to

Mrs. Margaret Hill, from Photograph Taken at the Time She Established Herself in the Confidence of the Rich Duke of Montebello and Delivered Him Over to Hindman, the Confidence Man, to Be Plucked for $200,000

The Distinguished Duke of Montebello, Who Was Swindled by a Tiffany Watch Which Ran Seventy Seconds to the Minute

The Duchess of Montebello.

By Mrs. Margaret Hill

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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IN the Underworld almost everybody has some sort of a nickname—why this is I don't quite know. But, at any rate, it was a professional criminal who was called the "Honeygrove Kid" who was one of the smartest crooks I ever associated with.

On the police records he is entered as Lucius Hindman, and in this particular case it is not difficult to know why he got his nickname, because he was born in a town in Texas called Honeygrove. And so we called him the "Honeygrove Kid."

This resourceful rascal married a woman named Davis, who in her girlhood was quite a belle in Louisville, Ky., I think. It was a fortunate marriage for him from a business point of view, because the girl was able to supply a sort of high-class atmosphere and social stage setting for many of her husband's enterprises.

Before passing on to the particular episode which I have always thought was a real masterpiece, let me say a word or two about Nettie Davis, the accomplished wife. I shall never forget meeting her in London several years ago. She had just divorced the "Honeygrove Kid" and he had paid her a considerable lump of alimony, which she had promptly spent.

Mrs. "Honeygrove Kid" Hindman was about the most extravagant wife of any crook in all my acquaintance. She always had her shoes made to order and always paid an extra $50 or more for a hat to get a guarantee that it should not be copied for anybody else.

When I met her in London we were both staying at the Savoy Hotel. She had then taken up the gentle graft game herself, and had in tow a client, a most solid, substantial, stocky citizen, about fifty years old, who implicitly believed in the 102 per cent correctitude of his charming steamship acquaintance, Mrs. Nettie Davis. It was her maiden name she used after she divorced the "Honeygrove Kid."

I remember the day I first ran into her at the Savoy. "Hello, darling," said she. "I'm nearly crazy—honest, I am. I have talked foreign missionary society to that president of the Presbyterian Laymen till my face aches. You ought to have seen me on the steamer. He introduced me to old Andrew Carnegie, who came over on our ship; he introduced me to a dozen society dames as proper as himself. And you should have seen me act.

"I'd raise my lorgnette and ask, 'Now, just who is that woman? Do you think she's quite correct for me to know?'

"I'd lift my eyebrows, and thereby impress him with my tremendous exclusiveness. Why, after he'd been with me for three days he sterilized his whiskers before he dared to say prunes and prisms in my presence. Well, he has netted me a good sum already. You know—old story—my allowance held up. Of course, I'll pay him back oh, of course! But, Margaret, I'm just dying for a party. Haven't been on a regular joy excursion for two months. Can't you fix something up?"

I told her I could and I would. So the next night we took her on a party. It was a pretty thorough excursion—theatre, after-midnight supper, visit to well-known opium dives, joy and song and laughter. At two in the morning I went back to the hotel, leaving Nettie still going strong. At six Nettie herself tumbled into the Savoy.

Her president of the Presbyterian Laymen had been waiting for her in the lobby for hours. He fancied she had been murdered. He imagined this exquisite, perfect, scrupulous, delightful lady had met such a fate as her innocence never deserved. Then, at six, his horrified eyes took in a spectacle. And this is the spectacle they took in.

The hat of the scrupulous one was on sideways. She held her skirts up to her knees.

Although she had solemnly assured him that she was president of an Anti Cigarette League at home, nevertheless from one corner of her mouth protruded a cigarette. Her coat dragged off her shoulders, and in her wake trailed a besotted man, followed by a dog, equally drunken.

The president of the Presbyterian Laymen took one look. Nettie took one look, also, and she started toward him on the run, holding out her extended arms.

"Oh, you kid," yelled she to the president of the Presbyterian Laymen.

He turned and ran. He ran as if Satan himself were after him. He ran as if one of those naked heathen, to whom he sent the good missionaries, were after him, ready to make soup of him for their cannibal feast. He ran as if he was quite sure, if only he got up enough speed, he would be able to outstrip the forces of the adversary.

In the middle of the long foyer of the Savoy Hotel, London, at six in the morning, Nettie Davis screamed out her zest in the chase.

"Run, you devil, run!" she yelled, clutching at her reeling hat. He did run. And he got to his room, which he securely locked. The next day, about noon, Nettie called me to her room in anguish.

"My Lord!" said she. "Can you imagine what I have done? Here that old fool was good for fifty pounds any time I mentioned a shilling. Besides, I was going to touch him for a gold brick in the end. And what did I do by that party? I lost him—completely—for all time. For to-day, after I got dressed, I tiptoed to his rooms and knocked at his door.

"He came, and you should have seen the look he gave me. 'What kind of a woman are you,' he asked me, 'after all the fuss you cut up about meeting my perfectly respectable friends on the steamship?'

"Then he waved his arms in imitation of the way I waved mine last night when I told him, 'Run, you devil, run.'

"He waved his arms as I did mine, and he said, 'Go way, you bad woman, go 'way! I don't want you!' Yes, it is all over between us!"

But it was of her husband I intended to write.

As I have said before, one of the favorite and never-failing schemes of confidence men is to use horse races or horses in some way or another. I remember very well sitting one evening in New York with Humphreyes, my companion in the Underworld, when the "Honeygrove Kid" dropped in for a social hour or so. After a time "Honeygrove" drew out of his pocket a watch and said:

"Well, I must be leaving."

Humphreyes's sharp eyes noticed the timepiece, and he said:

"Kid, that's a new watch you've got—let's see it."

"Honeygrove" passed it across the table and Humphreyes and Hindman began discussing it. It was a very valuable and almost new Tiffany jewelled timepiece with a heavy gold hunting case. Whether Hindman had stolen it himself or had bought it from a crook who had stolen it, I do not remember. Humphreyes finally passed it back, and as "Honeygrove" sat back in his chair holding the watch in his hand a thoughtful look came over his face.

"Do you know, Billy," he said, "I have often thought it would be a very new and convincing way to 'take' a man if we had a doctored watch?"

"A doctored watch?" repeated Humphreyes. "How do you mean?"

"Well, I have wondered why it would not be possible to construct a watch that ticked more seconds than there were in a minute."

"I suppose you could rig a watch that way," replied Humphreyes. "But how could you use it if you had one?"

"Why, of course, that's plain enough to understand," replied "Honeygrove." "If you have a horse that runs a mile in three minutes and you have a watch doctored so that it shows two minutes and a half for three minutes"——

"Oh, I see," said Humphreyes. "Anybody timing a horse with a fake watch like you suggest would think they had in front of them the swiftest thing on the track. Yes, that's a great idea."

The two ingenious crooks drew closer to the table and figured out the possibilities of the scheme with quickened animation. They passed the watch back and forth to each other studied it thoughtfully and then fell to discussing how much faster it would be safe to make the watch run than it ought to run without attracting attention of the person who was holding the watch.

"I should say a watch that ran about a minute and twenty-five seconds in a minute might not be too fast," said Hindman.

"No," said Humphreyes, "I think a watch that registered eighty-five seconds in a minute would be too fast; people would get onto it."

"Well, suppose we try it," said the Kid. "I'll tell you when sixty seconds is up, and you judge whether you would really notice the difference."

The Duke of Montebello Hears of a "Promising Little Horse"

And so these two ingenious crooks studied and experimented and discussed and argued the question until they finally agreed it would be perfectly safe to have the watch run seventy seconds to the minute, but that anything faster than that might be noticed. It was an interesting discussion and the play of the minds and the criminal shrewdness of these two criminals were curious to watch.

I forgot all about the thing until several weeks later I met the Honeygrove Kid, and Humphreyes asked him if he had ever done anything about having his watch scheme fixed up.

It then turned out that Hindman had gone to a jeweller and had spent no end of time and trouble, until finally, at the cost of nearly $1,000, he had this splendid substantial-looking Tiffany timepiece rigged into a lying, deceitful, crooked watch. And then came the occasion on which he had made use of this lying timepiece to swindle no less a person than the Duke of Montebello.

This distinguished member of an old, wealthy and titled French family, who owned the big vineyards and prepared the famous wines which bear their name, came over to New York for some ostensible purpose or another. But as near as I could make out, the main reason of the American visit was to gain a wider market for his wines.

At that time I was quite a pet at the race tracks and I met the Duke of Montebello. He offered to fill my cellar with Montebello wine if I would do what I could to call the attention of my friends to the good qualities of the wine. That was in New Orleans.

A week or two later I met the French nobleman in New York, where he arranged an American Beauty dinner for me at Delmonico's. I remember that over my seat at the head of the table was a heart-shaped bower of American Beauties. And a brooch of diamonds and rubies, in the shape of a cluster of American Beauties, was the souvenir the Duke of Montebello begged me to accept. I did accept that souvenir, and as a return for this kindness I invited the Duke to go out with me to a race track in the nearby suburbs. And at that race track I found the means to introduce him to the Honeygrove Kid.

Honeygrove Kid said that he was a great admirer of the Montebello wines and never drank anything else, and would consider it an honor if the owner of these famous vineyards would let him show him the training quarters at the stables. After a pleasant day together, Honeygrove confessed in a whisper that he was interested in one of the horses, which he believed was a perfect little marvel and could beat anything in any of the stables.

...en of the Underworld

...ho Worked in Partnership with ...orld Trapping Millionaires, ... Stop-Watch Was Turned ...indle a Sporting Duke

...e Duke care to get up early the next morning ...ighty promising running of that horse! If ... arrange to have his trainer bring the animal ...rack, while nobody else was there, to time the ...e Duke could see for himself that Mr. Hind- ... and hopes were not unfounded.

... of Montebello came of an old sporting family ... a thing or two about horses himself. The ...hat here was an unusual bit of horse-flesh in- ... Yes, the Duke would be glad to join his ...e track in the early morning and see that ...ar-old colt's performance.

...lf-past five the Duke presented himself at the ...unds, where he was joined by Honeygrove. ...ous dark horse was a handsome little animal ... all the points of a fast racer. The animal's ... father each had excellent turf records, and, ...ve pointed out, there was no reason why this ... should not possibly be a world-beater.

Crooked Stop-Watch ... the Duke from $200,000

...morning Honeygrove had the trainer lead out ...hile Honeygrove led out the Duke. They sta- ...selves behind a clump of bushes at one side ...ular track, and the horse started around to ...t could do.

...kes it so easy that you really do not realize ...e is going," said Honeygrove as he took out ...watch and fixed his eye upon the second hand ... he said, "she's running better than you ...ably imagine. Here, you take the watch and ...ourself," said the Kid mechanically, passing ... timepiece over to the hand of the Duke.

...ond mile had just started, and the Duke, with ...st, noted the second hand on the watch, and ...his eye on the little animal as it swept around

...close of the second mile the tremendous import ... had seen almost overwhelmed him. Handing ...atch to Honeygrove, he said:

... word you told me about this horse is more ... And then with a most serious expression on ...e continued: "Mon Dieu, my dear sir, do you ...t that little mare has run a two-mile race five ...ster than the world's record! Mon Dieu! Sir, ... fortune, a veritable fortune, to be made from ...reature."

...e, with such a well convinced spectator it was ... for Honeygrove to carry out the other steps ...saction and land Monsieur the Duke for a very ... figure. I understood from Honeygrove that it ...Duke of Montebello just $200,000 to hold that ...watch in his hands that raw early morning at ...rack.

...Duke of Montebello was quite a character I ...otten just what year it was, but I think it was ...hen I was in the South of France, that the Duke ... mess at the Imperial Country Club at Nice, ...xpelled by the governors of the club.

...uke made a sudden and savage attack upon ...egues de Maymonnet de St. Marc in the club ... The Baron, who is president of the club, was ... table with his wife, who was Miss Ellen Wall, ...of Mrs. Jason Waters, of Philadelphia. With ... Mme. Maynadier. In the presence of a cos- ...assemblage of six or seven hundred fashionable ...d men, the Duke approached Baron de St. Marc ... his hand on his shoulder, remarked:

... Baron, I see you are not dancing to-day."

...Baron turned the Duke dealt him a violent blow ...ehead with his cane. Repeating the blow, the ...ed from the Baron and struck his wife.

...ately the place was in a tumult. Americans, ..., Germans, Russians, most of them bearing ...names and titles, rushed toward the Duke. ...laume de Saint-Cyr, who was first to reach him, ...is cane from him.

...he was the indignation his outburst aroused ...forgetting themselves, threw cups, plates and ...s at him. A dozen infuriated men seized the ...ed him to the club's entrance and threw him ...eet.

... Duke of Montebello had the assurance to ... Paris that he had horsewhipped Baron de St. ...se face was slapped at the Cannes Polo Club ... Baron de Fonteuilliat." The Duke further ...his motive in attacking the Baron was his ...cept a jury of honor which the Duke "judged ...e to determine whether Baron Jacques de St. ...and present honorability permits one to meet ...gular manner."

...ue that Baron de St. Marc and Baron de ... had quarrelled at the Cannes Polo Club. ... was slapped, Baron de St. Marc expressed a ... to run his rapier through de Fonteuilliat's ...it to his side

...they did not meet on the field of honor. The ...ason give, for their dispute was that de ... a staunch supporter of the Mediterranean ...ered by the success of the Imperial Country ... polo club which Baron de St. Marc estab-

Baroness de Mayronnet de Marc.

lished. It is said now that the triangular quarrel arose over women and money.

These queer foreigners and their quarrels and their funny way of settling things, especially their "honor," always amused me. But the Duke was a good sport and an amiable and generous friend when he was not too full of his own really excellent Montebello wine.

How often or for what amounts of profit Mr. Honeygrove Kid has used that lying timepiece I do not know. It has always seemed to me a very ingenious scheme—for who would ever suspect that a dignified, high-class Tiffany timepiece could be corrupted into an implement for swindling?

I have said that race tracks and race horses are the favorite background for the operations of crooks. And it is not only men, but women also, who are swindled on horses. I remember well how that distinguished looking crook, Dr. Eads, very nearly swindled an extremely young woman named Millicent Adkins by using a horsey background for his almost successful adventure. This was just before the late millionaire banker and horse fancier, August Belmont, died.

Just at that time Dr Eads was posing as an English surgeon, who had come to America for some special research work at the Rockefeller Institute. At tea one day at the Biltmore he managed to meet Miss Adkins, and she was interested to know such a prominent scientist as Sir Almroth Wright, which was the name under which Eads was masquerading.

In the course of the conversation the distinguished British scientist happened to mention his friend, Mr. August Belmont, Jr., and dropped the remark that he was going to motor down to the race track the next day with his friend, young Belmont, to put up some money on the millionaire's horse, which was scheduled to win at 10 to 1.

The conversation developed along the lines of how easy it was for a millionaire who controlled horses to win enormous sums, whereas outsiders, who did not know what was going on, had hardly a chance of ever winning anything. And so the conversation ran along until finally Miss Adkins exclaimed:

"Why, I'd just love to meet that rich millionaire. Do you think he would put a little money on his horse for me, too? Wouldn't it be wonderful if he did! I could buy so many pretty things with a little easy money like that! Oh, Sir Almroth, do use your influence to get your friend Aupie to put up some of my money for me."

"Sir Almroth" smiled. "Nothing could be easier, dear young lady," said he. "In fact, Mr. Belmont would be pleased to meet you himself and himself take the money

"At the close of the second mile the tremendous import of what he had seen almost overwhelmed him. Handing back the lying watch to Honeygrove, the Duke of Montebello said:

"'Every word you told me about this horse is more than true.' And then, with a most serious expression on his face, the Duke continued: 'Mon Dieu, my dear sir, do you realize that that little mare has run a two-mile race five seconds faster than the world's record! Mon Dieu! Sir, there is a fortune, a veritable fortune, to be made from this little creature!'

"Of course, with such a well convinced spectator it was quite simple for Honeygrove to carry out the other steps in the transaction and land Monsieur the Duke for a very handsome figure. I understand from Honeygrove that it cost the Duke of Montebello just $200,000 to hold that doctored watch in his hands that raw early morning at the race track."

out of your pretty little hands. How much could you get?"

The young lady considered for a while. "Well," she said, "if I raked and scraped I might be able to get ten thousand. That, at ten to one, would make a hundred thousand. Honest, Sir Almroth, it really seems to me that one hundred thousand is the jumping off point. I can't really conceive bigger money than that. Just imagine, to-morrow evening I will have a hundred thousand from that rich young millionaire, August Belmont, to whom you are going to introduce me!"

"Oh, why can't I drive down to the races with Mr Belmont and you?" asked Miss Adkins. "I would so like to see that horse win me my hundred thousand."

"You cannot," the gentleman explained, "because Augie never takes a young lady riding in his car with him when he has only met her once. But wait, my dear, wait. After you have become acquainted."

The young lady was handed into her taxicab outside the Biltmore.

"Good day, doctor," said she; "I am so obliged."

"Don't mention it," said the gallant Englishman; "so happy to be of service."

Just then a tall stranger hove in sight and took in this little society by-play with wide eyes. He stopped the taxicab in which she rode.

"Young lady," said he, "do you know to whom you have just been talking?"

"To the English specialist, Sir Almroth Wright," said she.

"To the greatest crook in New York," said the man, a New York detective. And, of course, Dr. Eads never got that young lady's ten thousand.

The race tracks, as I have said, are fertile fields for criminals to operate in. But a good many schemes and plots go wrong for some reason or another, just as that one did. Of course, the police are fully aware that professional crooks hang about the tracks, and they are on the lookout for suspicious things.

I remember one time at the Belmont Park race track, near New York, when I was in partnership with a very well-known and very clever confidence man, Jim Young.

I had done my part as "convincer," and Young was busily engaged completing the swindling of the intended victim.

I had driven the two gentlemen down to the race track—Jim and the proposed victim—and as they walked away I sat comfortably on the back seat of my touring car, waiting for my companion to complete his job.

Then suddenly I saw Young separated from his man by a tall, impressive individual. I could not make out exactly what was going on, but a little later Young returned to the automobile and narrated the details of what had happened.

It seems that the detective took the intended victim aside and said:

"Excuse me, but I am a police detective, and it is my duty to tell you that the man you were just talking to is a well known crook. Will you kindly tell me just how he was trying to swindle you?"

"He would not have had a chance in the world," said the man. "I did have considerable interest in a proposition that he made which sounded very reasonable and convincing. But he let something drop which settled it all instantly."

"What was it he said?" inquired the detective.

"You see, we were talking about Dr. Cook's discovery of the North Pole, and he said, 'Now that Dr. Cook has penetrated to the extreme cold of the North Pole, it won't be long before some explorer will penetrate to the extreme heat of the South Pole.' Say, Mr. Officer," said the stranger, "do you suppose I would trust my money to a man who was so ignorant or muddle-headed as that?"

I confess I was surprised, and I asked Jim Young how on earth he managed to make such a ridiculous, rattle-headed statement to undo all the confidence we had established in the prospective victim.

"Well, of course, I knew better—I didn't mean to speak of the extreme of the South Pole," said Young. "But I was trying to rattle along with a conversation that would keep the man occupied, while I had to keep my own mind on him, and I looked for my partner, who was due to show up to help me, but who did not come, and I had to keep a corner of my mind on you, Margaret, figuring some one was onto you, and also a corner of my mind on that blamed detective, whom I saw walking up and down with his eyes on us.

"So that is how I mixed the South Pole up with the Equator—I had too many anxieties and things to think of at that moment." And he laughed.

Young was a humorous soul, and if he had not chosen crime as his profession he would have been a worthy and much admired member of society.

I remember an occasion of his arrest once at the races in Saratoga. The detectives who gathered him in took him to his hotel and searched his trunk. Among other things the officer was astonished to find several handsome fishing rods in sections, two or three high grade hunting guns and, underneath these, the detectives fished up three Bibles and a prayer book.

Young stood by with a smile on his face and without comment.

At length the detective surveyed the curious collection of things and turned an astonished look upon the good-natured prisoner. Young interpreted the quizzical expression on the officer's face, and, without waiting to be asked, said:

"Yes, I carry quite an outfit of tools. If I don't get my victim with a gun, then I hook him with the fishing outfit. And if not with the fishing rods, then I get him with the Bible. I always get the man in one or another of these three ways—there is not a chance in the world for a sucker to escape me."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

A Honeymoon for Three---By Anthony Carlyle

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lee Dorice tells her stepmother, Mrs. Teresa Dorice, who is [illegible] nagging her to get married, that she will marry the first [illegible] man who [illegible] to be [illegible].

Lee rows to Ruff's Island, a [illegible] ruin crowned rock [illegible] miles off the coast, and [illegible] in a heavy fog after [illegible] [illegible] Carson [illegible]. Terry [illegible] meets Lee [illegible] automobile and [illegible] elder [illegible] man named Jason Smithers [illegible] two [illegible] young [illegible] older [illegible]. The next day [illegible] Mrs. Dorice [illegible] "Jason Smithers came today and asked to see mother alone, and—oh, Lee! It isn't her he wants to marry at all, it's you!"

Mr. Smithers tells Lee that she will be his wife in name only. She consents to marry him. After the wedding they go to Jason Smithers's country place. Shortly before dinner that evening he sends Frost to tell her that he has been unexpectedly called to a village some distance away and not to wait for him. During the night she is awakened by a noise downstairs. Going down to the library she switches on the lights and sees a man standing by one of the long windows. He turns and his eyes meet hers—the eyes of the man of Ruff's Island—the eyes of Denham Carson the murderer!

Carson tells Lee he loves her and had been an unseen guest at her wedding. They hear someone on the drive, and she tells him to go upstairs and out through her room. When Lee goes back to her room she finds him there. He says he could not go without seeing her again. Then Carson leaves her and says, "This isn't 'good-by,' you know!"

While Lee and her husband are having breakfast the next morning she picks up a paper and reads "Denham Carson in London." Jason is surprised at her remark that Carson may not be guilty of the crime and vehemently assails the police for not capturing him. The next few weeks are happy ones for Lee and Jason, and a great comradeship grows up between them. Terry comes for a visit. She says [illegible] by the name of Roy[illegible] has been visiting them in [illegible]. Jason Smithers is greatly [illegible] when he hears the name [illegible].

[illegible] Jason Smithers's very [illegible] young chauffeur who is [illegible] with Terry, but prevented [illegible] showing his love on account of a [illegible] position is delegated [illegible] Terry riding lessons. [illegible] [illegible] woman for the [illegible] Terry and [illegible] friendly. She [illegible] will ride with [illegible] instead of him the next day. [illegible] is dumfounded when [illegible] is under Jason [illegible] and, throwing [illegible] [illegible] warns [illegible] will break every bone [illegible] within two yards of her. [illegible] Teresa that [illegible] is not the proper man for Terry to be [illegible] with and [illegible] up to face Denham Carson.

"'I've heard enough!' Terry's voice, hard, inflexible, struck coldly across the stammered words. She swung round, white skirts fanning about her, white face set, and moved to the door. As she wrenched it open she glanced back over her shoulder, eyes smouldering.

"'Roland Gish asked me to marry him to-night,' she said. 'I'm to give him my answer to-morrow. I—shall say yes!'"

(Cont'd from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XIX.

INSTINCTIVELY, almost wildly, Lee [illegible] struggled to free herself [illegible] with the meeting of their lips he became still, as though suddenly, her strength had [illegible] her. She lay passive in Carson's hold with closed eyes, and [illegible] he straightened himself her head dropped limply forward against his shoulder.

She was pitifully white; so white that [illegible] a little exclamation of mingled remorse and anxiety, tightening his hold upon her.

"Lee[illegible]"

His voice was infinitely gentle, held at once remorse and a caress. At the sound of it a little shuddering breath left her lips—her slender body quivered suddenly. Impulsively Denham Carson stooped his head and rested his cheek against her soft hair.

"What a fool I am!" he said, in fierce self condemnation. "What a thoughtless fool—to frighten you so! Lee—you're not going to faint?"

She stirred anew at that, caught desperately at her self-control and, straightening herself, drew back. He did not try to hold her, but let his arms drop to his sides and stood looking at her. A little of the eager [illegible] had died out of his face, the vividly blue eyes looked troubled. Lee met them and the color flooded suddenly into her pale cheeks. Involuntarily she lifted one hand, pressing the back of it against those trembling lips his kisses had bruised and scorched.

Yet the eyes that looked back into his were neither angry nor resentful. They held only a shrinking bewilderment and a rather piteous questioning.

"No, no!" she answered his question mechanically, and added, "But—I don't understand! How did you come here?"

She broke off. Carson replied swiftly, almost curtly.

"I've been here all the time. Stumbled across this place that night—you remember—and stayed here ever since. I've kept a good look out, of course—the keepers don't come here often and other folks scarcely ever. It hasn't been difficult to dodge them. And it's as good a place as any to hide in. Besides"—Lee looked away quickly from the deepening warmth of his eyes—"I wanted to be near you. I had to be!"

Lee drew a long breath and smote her hands together softly, despairingly.

"Oh," she whispered shakily, "but you're quite mad—quite mad!"

Carson laughed. It was a wholesome, hearty, boyish sound that filled the whole cabin.

"Sure! And so you've told me before! As I think I told you on another occasion—most men who are very much in love are more or less mad!"

"Don't!"

She turned sharply away, reaching out for her coat. But Carson stood between her and the [illegible] and he did not move. After a moment, weakly, she let her hand fall. Carson swept his glance over [illegible] from the averted head and delicate profile to the [illegible] slipper that [illegible] the rough, bare floor [illegible] line of her long throat [illegible] shoulders and slender arms [illegible] warmly white in the leaping firelight. Impulsively he went a step nearer.

"I must!" he said very low, and now there was [illegible] note of passion [illegible] him a swift panic-stricken glance. "I must! I don't [illegible] Lee. I've loved you ever since that night on Ruff's Island!"

His [illegible] touched her arm. [illegible] sharply [illegible] [illegible] She [illegible] the deepening note of passion [illegible] voice [illegible] was stirring and throbbing wildly. She longed to break away from his touch, to rush out into the [illegible] but she had to stay. She wanted to close her hands over her ears and shut away the maddening tenderness of his voice, but she had to hear.

She knew, too, that presently she would despise herself for her weakness, would lash herself with scorn for her yielding. At the moment the personality of the man dominated her utterly—that, and something that was growing and strengthening irresistibly within herself.

"I had to be near you, Lee!" Carson spoke again, his voice shaken, his eyes beginning to glow anew. "Call it madness, folly, what you will. I couldn't go away. I had to see you sometimes—hear your voice. But being near has made it harder to keep silent. God! How I've longed to say a little of what is in my heart for you! How I've longed to be with you alone—to hold you close to me—to kiss your lips!"

His fingers fastened upon her arm above the dimpled elbow, tightening there, tensely. His breath came unevenly, his voice was husky.

"Above all," he went on, "how I've longed to hear you say that you care, too! That you love me, Lee—that you love me!"

"Ah!"

The word was a choked cry. She wrenched her arm free and shrank back. There was something of the wildness of desperation in her eyes, the terror of a snared bird. To Carson it was a revelation that sent the blood pounding hotly to his temples and set him shaking suddenly all over. Upon her little, piteous cry there followed a silence that was painful in its intensity. Carson broke it. He spoke haltingly, stumblingly, yet on a quivering rising note of triumph and eagerness.

"You do love me, Lee! Oh, my [illegible] girl! I've hoped it—hoped it with every heart beat, every fibre [illegible] but I could never be really [illegible]. And I've got to be sure, Lee. I've got to be sure!"

His hands were outstretched to her, supplicating. His lips were unsteady, his eyes ablaze.

"Say it, Lee!" he urged again. "Lee—Lee!"

His arms closed about her, but she struggled free, thrusting him away from her, stumbling back against the wooden chair and dropping into it weakly. She held one white arm uplifting across her eyes, as though to shut away the flame of [illegible]. Then suddenly she let it fall and turning her face against the thick fur of her coat began to cry [illegible].

"I ought to hate you!" she wailed. "But I can't! I can't!"

* * * * * * * *

Minutes later she stirred, sighed and sat upright. Denham Carson was kneeling at her side, his face hidden against her knees. His arms were about her. At her movement he, too, stirred and looked up. There was a light in his face that made her catch a sharp breath and brought the blood flooding [illegible] up over her throat and [illegible] in a rose red wave that [illegible] to her temples.

Even as she made an instinctive, panicky gesture to thrust him from her there came from without the faint note of a motor car horn. Lee stiffened where she sat, then, with a little gasp, she strove to get to her feet.

"It's Haines!" she whispered, as Carson's arms refused to unclose. "You—you must get away, quickly—oh, quickly!" She was on her feet now and the man rose with her. He still held her, his eyes clung to hers. His lips were not altogether steady.

"I've got to talk to you, Lee!" he whispered back, huskily. "There are things I must say to you. Promise you will come here again—soon?"

The sound of the horn had ceased. Following it came the unmistakable hurry and stumble of heavy steps among the frosty bracken. Carson bent his head lower.

"Promise!" he urged. "Promise!"

Lee's lips were trembling. She closed her eyes desperately against the pleading in his. When she opened them again they were dark, almost tragic with suffering and unwilling surrender.

"I—promise!" she said.

CHAPTER XX.

LEE, her huge fur collar hiding all of her face save her unnaturally wide eyes, delivered the packet of papers into Frost's hands, and, avoiding those rooms in which her guests were congregated, went swiftly to her own.

Dropping into a chair, she sat staring at the shadows in the faintly firelit darkness. She had forgotten that she might be missed downstairs, had forgotten her husband, Terry and Haines—everything save Denham Carson's presence, the strength of his arms and the touch of his mouth upon hers.

She was stripped bare to-night of all pretense, face to face with that truth which she had refused to acknowledge, which she had hidden half guiltily, but of which she had been aware as long ago as that misty morning when she had rowed herself away from Ruff's Island.

It was a truth that left her dazed and numb while it dominated her. She had forgotten the black shadow that hung over Denham Carson. She felt only as though the flame of his passion still enwrapped her, waking answering fires within her own soul—unsuspected fierce fires that left her trembling and afraid.

She loved Denham Carson. She made no longer any attempt to deny it or to thrust the knowledge from her. And presently, with a long, shuddering sigh that was almost a moan, she turned and laid her forehead wearily against the silken cushions piled about her.

Here Terry found her twenty minutes later.

The girl dashed in with her usual impetuous lack of ceremony, halted with a little exclamation at finding the room in darkness, then, as Lee stirred and looked up, went toward her quickly.

"I thought I heard the car come back. Why, Lee! How queer you look!"

She had switched on the light and stood frowning questioningly into the other girl's face. Lee covered her eyes. When she let her hands fall a moment later she had recovered much of her calmness and answered quite quietly.

"Do I? It was bitterly cold and the car broke down. I hope I haven't seemed very neglectful. I'll come down in a minute."

She put a nervous hand against her temples and Terry, still frowning, swung herself onto the broad back of the brocaded Chesterfield.

"Much better get into something warm and cosy and stay here!" she advised. "They're all playing cards or dancing in the music room—you won't be missed. 'Sides, I want a quiet chat with you, Lee. I never seem to get you alone lately."

Lee sank back again among her cushions. She shrank from the thought of going among her guests in her present mood, yet she was not to be alone. With an effort she concentrated her thoughts upon Terry and her chatter, brought her mind back to the problem of the girl and Roland Gish—and Haines.

Terry now was swinging one slim, silk stockinged leg and looking into the fire with a rather odd expression in her eyes. She was still chattering, but fitfully, and with more than her usual inconsequence. Lee watched her with a shadow creeping into her eyes. After a moment she spoke, a little hesitatingly.

"Terry—I want to say something to you. It—it's about Mr. Gish."

Terry looked up quickly. A little color had crept into her cheeks, the expression of her eyes was defensive.

"I hope it's something nice!" she returned, her clear young voice faintly shrill. "I like Roly Gish—quite a good deal."

Lee's fine brows met. A sudden distaste tilted her lips upward; the shadow in her eyes deepened.

"I'm sorry," she said steadily, "to hear it! I don't. And—it seems to me—Mr. Gish's feeling for you is more than liking."

Terry slid down from her perch and moved slowly onto the hearth before Lee's chair. Her brown head was flung up, her usually merry mouth was a trifle compressed.

"You're not being very nice, Lee! What if it is?"

Lee got up. Her eyes met Terry's steadily.

"Just that he will try to make you think that your feeling is the same—that you love him. You don't love him, Terry?"

Despite the note of anxious interrogation the words were uttered rather in assertion than question. Terry wriggled a pair of slim shoulders impatiently.

"But," she declared cheerfully, "I do!"

There was no tremor in the clear voice, no added color in the healthy, pretty face. The red-brown eyes were wide, unembarrassed. Lee looked deeply into them for several seconds, and a sudden, oddly tender smile curved her mouth.

"Oh, Terry! You child! You only know how to spell love as yet!"

Terry wriggled her shoulders again.

"You're being very horrid!" she complained. "I thought you'd be sympathetic—though, of course, I can't help seeing that you don't care about Roly. I don't know why—he's quite the nicest man I've ever met."

(Continued on Page 12)

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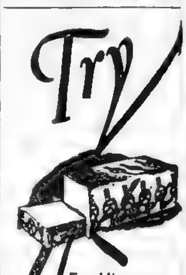

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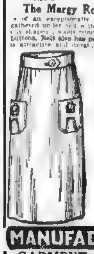


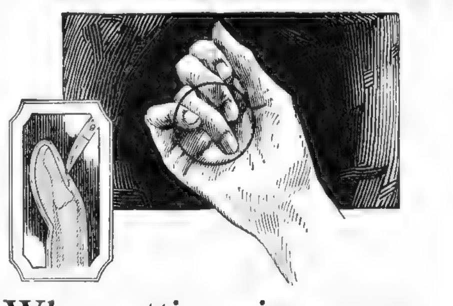
Manufacturers Price

FREE

How to Order

MANUFACTURERS GARMENT COMPANY

30 East 20th Street, New York (Between Broadway and 4th Avenue)



Why cutting gives you ragged nail rims

WHEN you attempt to trim off the hard, dry cuticle about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through in places to the delicate nail root lying less than one-twelfth of an inch below the surface.

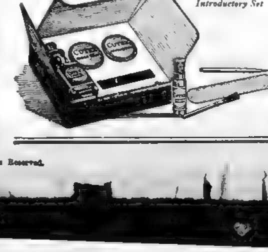
To heal these wounds, Nature immediately covers them with new tissue that is coarser than the rest of the cuticle, and this creates the ugly, jagged edge you are so anxious to do away with.

The surplus cuticle can be removed easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. In all Cutex Sets you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then rinse the fingers and the dead surplus skin will simply wipe away. Then for the gleaming luster, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous and gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps, its even brilliance for at least a week.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes, at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, Dept. A-11, 114 W. 17th St., New York



The new Introductory Set

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren,
Dept. A-11, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

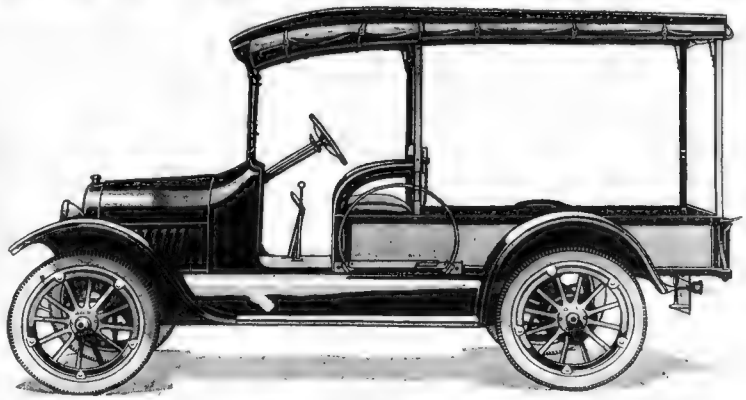
Name..............................

Street..............................

City and State..............................

CHEVROLET

Economical Transportation for Business



Full Equipment

Special sliding gear transmission—three speeds forward and one reverse; electric starter and lights; standard service and hand brakes; spiral bevel rear axle gears; legal headlight lenses; standard cooling system with pump and honeycomb radiator; valve-in-head motor; demountable rims and extra rim; speedometer; oil pressure gauge; ammeter and other improvements and accessories required by modern motoring.

Commercial Chassis

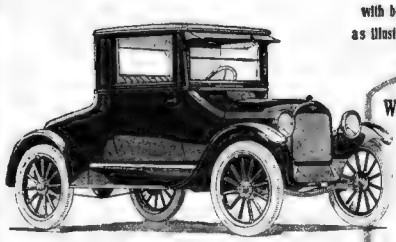
$465

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

PANEL BODIES are made by Martin Parry Company and other standard body makers to fit the Chevrolet commercial chassis.

Lowest Priced Fully Equipped Light Delivery

Complete with body as illustrated **$525** F. O. B. Flint, Mich.



THE UTILITY COUPE—A better car built specially for salesmen and professional men—combines all advantages of low first price and low cost of operation and upkeep with weather protection and all year 'round service. Beautiful and durable Fisher body, wide doors and seat, big compartment in rear, holding 36-inch steamer trunk or samples, advertising matter or other material.

$720

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

THE ROADSTER—A very practical business car for salesmen. Lowest priced, fully equipped roadster built and the lowest in cost of operation and upkeep. First cost includes electric starter and lights, demountable rims and extra rim, speedometer, and all necessary equipment for comfort, safety and economy.

$525

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

Why does the business man motorize his business?

1. To double or quadruple his circle of trade, with proportionate increase of sales and gross profits.
2. To reduce the cost of delivery by giving the human factor—the driver—maximum facilities.
3. To secure and please customers through prompt, efficient service, even at distant points.
4. To facilitate and reduce the cost of handling incoming freight.

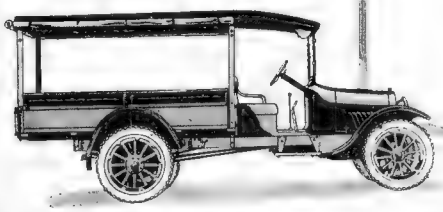
What does he require of his equipment?

1. Lowest possible first cost of capital investment.
2. Lowest operating cost.
3. Dependability.

Chevrolet commercial cars and trucks are built to meet these requirements. Our constant aim is to excel in *Economical Transportation.*

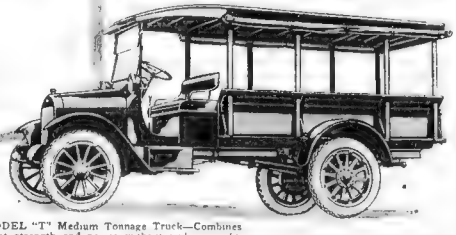
CHEVROLET

For Economical Transportation



MODEL "G" Light Truck—Represents a superior type of light truck design, having extra strength in frame and other important mechanical units. Powerful, economical motor, fully equipped with electric starter, pneumatic tires, demountable rims, and other necessary features.

Prices, F. O. B. Flint, Mich., with express body and top, $920. Chassis, $745.



MODEL "T" Medium Tonnage Truck—Combines great strength and power without undue weight, resulting in less expense per load, longer life, greater speed and greater range of travel. Equipment includes self-starter, electric lights, pneumatic tires, odometer, governor, and other modern features. A splendid truck for either city hauling or farm work.

Prices, F. O. B. Flint, Mich., with open express body and top, $1325. Chassis, $1125.

For Retail Merchants

Merchants, large and small, in all lines of business, can now obtain in Chevrolet commercial cars not only an actual saving over horse delivery, but the most economical motor delivery obtainable and a means of *increasing their business and their profits.* The retail merchant who has hitherto secured his trade within three or four blocks of his store, can now go three or four times farther for his trade, and with the aid of the telephone and the adoption of modern advertising and merchandising methods increase his volume and his profits accordingly. Remember, the Chevrolet Light Delivery is ready for use when you buy it. It is completely equipped—there is nothing to buy but the license and the gasoline. Any other light delivery car with the same equipment of essentials would cost much more.

For Users of Fleets

The slogan of the Chevrolet Motor Company is Economical Transportation. We now offer and propose to continue to offer the most economical transportation in the world for the business man, salesman, or for the transportation of merchandise. The scientific use of automotive equipment in modern marketing takes into consideration not merely the first purchase price, but the whole price, including necessary equipment. It reckons not only the cost per mile, but the cost per hour of salesmen's time and the mental and physical condition in which the salesman arrives at the customer's place of business. With due consideration for all these factors, Chevrolet commercial equipment will be found the most economical and satisfactory. Concerns interested in the purchase of automotive fleets are invited to address our Fleet Sales Division.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Chevrolet is the world's largest manufacturer of low-priced, fully-equipped automobiles

There are over 5,000 Chevrolet dealers and service stations throughout the world

Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers in territories not adequately covered

Don't Send 1 Penny

2 Girls' Dresses $2.98

GALATEA [illegible]

DELIVERY FREE [illegible]

WALTER FIELD CO., Dept. A2125, Chicago

Age is Judged by Gray Hair

Gray streaks suggest middle age and start your friends asking how old you really are. Keep your hair its original youthful color — it is easy. How? By using Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

This dainty, colorless liquid, clean and clear as water, [illegible] the original [illegible] and surely. No [illegible] streakish streaks or discoloration. The restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights.

Write for free trial bottle and prove these statements. Test as directed on a single lock. State carefully the color of your hair— [illegible] dark or light brown, [illegible]

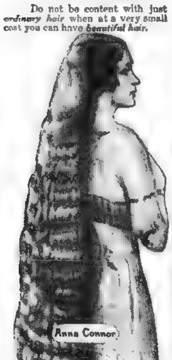
MARY T. GOLDMAN
610 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
610 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
[illegible]

Name
Address
Please print your name and address

BRING OUT THE LIFE AND BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

Do not be content with just *ordinary hair* when at a very small cost you can have *beautiful hair.*



Hair that receives regular applications of *Newbro's Herpicide* has life and snap - - radiates health - - is soft, fluffy and abundant. You will be surprised and delighted with the results obtained from *Herpicide.*

Herpicide is sold on a money back guarantee by all Drug and Department Stores. Barbers apply it.

Ten cents in stamps or coin sent to The Herpicide Company, Dept. 21, Detroit, Mich., will bring you a generous sample and a booklet on "The Care of the Hair."

A Honeymoon for Three---

By Anthony Carlyle

(Continued from Page 10)

"Good heavens!" There was that in Lee's tone that sent the half-[illegible] complacency [illegible] Terry's face [illegible] sent her glance [illegible] to the troubled face [illegible] "[illegible] impossible!" Lee went on [illegible] attentions are [illegible]

"Lee!"

"[illegible] Had I guessed just what kind of man he was I [illegible] have received him. I can't imagine how Jason [illegible] even hospitable [illegible] Roland Gish [illegible] Oh, I don't want to talk about him. But I've [illegible] enough about him to [illegible]"

"[illegible]!" Terry's brows flashed up. Lee made a quick gesture, [illegible] off her guard and [illegible] bitten lip.

"[illegible] me about him [illegible]" There was [illegible] Terry's voice. Her eyes were ablaze, her face quite white. Words, for the moment, were beyond her, and Lee flung out her hands in a quick movement of distress.

"Terry! Oh, my dear, you don't suppose I would have listened if—if I hadn't known that he was speaking the truth? I've been afraid for you [illegible] since Teresa brought the [illegible] from Jason he [illegible] table at [illegible] I [illegible] Teresa [illegible]"

"I've [illegible] enough!" Terry's voice, [illegible] and inflexible, struck coldly [illegible] the stammered words. She [illegible] and [illegible] Lee's fancied [illegible] white [illegible] and moved to the door. As [illegible] opened [illegible] glanced back over her [illegible] shoulder [illegible]

"Roland Gish asked me to marry him to-night," she said. "I'm to give him my answer to-morrow. I [illegible]"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE formal announcement of her daughter's engagement to Roland Gish was made triumphantly by Teresa Dorice as early as the luncheon hour next day. She was almost trembling with excitement, Roland Gish wore an air of deep satisfaction, and Terry, finding herself the centre of attraction and someone to be envied and congratulated, was in almost boisterously good spirits.

Only Lee, sitting apart, stunned and dumb and immeasurably distressed, detected a certain hardness in her laughter, sometimes a glint of defiance in her eyes. But it was obvious that she was more than content and that Gish's loverlike attentions really pleased and flattered her.

For Lee that luncheon seemed interminable. The chatter and laughter, the gay badinage made her wince and bite her lips, and it was with a long sigh of relief that she escaped at last.

Jason Smithers was still confined to his room, and she found Frost waiting with a message from him asking her to go to him at once. As she passed into his apartments he spoke her name sharply, hoarsely.

"Lee!"

The girl started, looking at him with a sudden little flicker of bewilderment in her eyes. She had never heard him speak quite like that before, the whole tone of the hesitant, rather quavering voice had subtly altered.

"Lee! Is this thing true that Terry has promised to marry that—to marry Gish?"

Again Lee shot him a little, half puzzled glance. He was leaning forward, his white hands gripping the arms of his chair, and was evidently laboring under a stress of great emotion. She bent her head slowly, without speaking.

"Great God!" Smithers made a movement as if to rise and checked himself. "But it's unthinkable! It must not be! That man—and a child like Terry! That"——

"Hush!" She went nearer to him quickly, really alarmed at his manner. She added quietly, a little hopelessly, "I—wish I had known as much about Mr. Gish a little while ago as I do to-day. At least I could have undeceived Terry"——

She hesitated, unconscious of the note of reproach in her voice. Smithers stirred and reached out a hand to her. His lips twitched suddenly.

"I was a fool!" he said. "A selfish fool! I ought to have thought"——

He stopped rather abruptly; then added:

"But something must be done—Terry must not take so terrible a step. The man is unspeakable—the utterest cad!"

"I know!" Lee's voice was weary. "But—Terry won't believe it. It would need some time—and a considerable amount of proof—to convince her, or other people, that he is anything but what he appears. And any attempt at interference would only precipitate matters. If we are to prevent this marriage we shall have to go to work carefully."

Her husband opened his lips and closed them again. Lee, standing beside him, proceeded to sketch briefly her interview of the night before with Terry. Smithers listened without comment, sitting with his chin dropped forward, frowning fiercely.

"I blundered hopelessly," Lee added miserably. There was a sound almost of tears in her voice and he stirred uneasily.

"It was not your fault, child. If it comes to that, it is I who am to blame for the whole wretched business. But it'll be all right. I'll do my utmost to make it right."

Lee made a little gesture of her hands and let them fall. For several minutes there was a troubled silence. Lee broke it, irrelevantly.

Smithers had turned his face slightly to the light and she could see him more clearly.

"Have you knocked yourself?" she asked. "There's such a brown mark on your forehead there!"

[illegible] the spot [illegible] unexpectedly reached up and caught the hand drawing it down over his eyes [illegible] pressed [illegible] his lips.

[illegible] Lee [illegible] There was a [illegible] that had [illegible] away. Her face was flaming. The memory of [illegible] night at Denham [illegible] Carson [illegible] her. Smithers's caress had brought back anew a suffocating consciousness of guilt—of wrong doing. An overwhelming shame and self scorn scourged her.

"W[illegible]!"

She heard her husband's voice, suddenly gentle, as she caught her hand [illegible] over her hot face. Then in the [illegible] room a step sounded [illegible] on the threshold Frost coughed discreetly; and, precipitately, Lee turned and fled.

* * * * * * * *

Lee spent a wretched, unrestful hour in her own room. Later, making her way listlessly to the stairway, she encountered Teresa Dorice at her room door. Her eyes were hard and bright with anger [illegible] unbecoming flush [illegible] temper brought was hot in her [illegible] Terry was standing. She [illegible] was flushed, her mouth [illegible] her eyes aflame with defiance. It needed [illegible] one glance at both of them to tell Lee that something [illegible] Teresa [illegible] seriously, and at Terry [illegible] temper had been fanned [illegible] furnace heat [illegible] wholly dominating her. In [illegible] she paused [illegible] Mrs. Dorice lifted a clenched hand [illegible] was a crumpled note.

"I suppose," she said thickly, "this is your doing!" Then, as Lee [illegible] stared, "Read [illegible] Roland has just sent it up to us!"

Silently Lee took the paper and read:

"Mr. Smithers regretfully requests Mr. Roland Gish to make it convenient to leave Brookbridge to-night. Mr. Gish's notoriety in the United States of America has become known to Mr. Smithers, which will doubtless be sufficient explanation of his seeming inhospitality."

As silently Lee gave the note back. The distress in her eyes deepened, she looked almost appealingly at Terry. But Teresa spoke before he could.

"I'll never forgive you for this, Lee; never! I've got a good deal piled up against you, anyhow, and this about makes the limit! And I'll take care I get even with you for it—some how, some day—and with that interfering, domineering, senile caricature of a husband of yours! For the rest, you might as well know that when Roland leaves here it will be to make arrangements for an immediate marriage! Terry and I join him as soon as we hear from him that he has the license!"

Her voice caught and broke hysterically. Terry, with a not too gentle hand, pulled her back into the room. [illegible]

When [illegible] she was [illegible] her room [illegible]

"Haines [illegible] in the library [illegible] He wishes to know if it will be convenient for you to speak to him for a moment."

Lee started. She had [illegible] forgotten Haines. For an instant she hesitated, then she nodded.

"Thank you. I will go to the library now," she said.

She found the [illegible] standing by the uncurtained [illegible] staring at nothing. As he turned to her the look in the boy's [illegible] made her cry out in quick [illegible] and distress. He appeared [illegible] his mouth was tw[illegible] and [illegible] his eyes haggard.

"Haines!" She uttered the word breathlessly. "Don't—don't look like that"——

She broke off. In a few long strides he had reached her side. His lips were twitching uncontrollably.

"It's true, then?" His voice seemed to her to hold a savage accusation. She threw out a protesting hand.

"Yes." Her voice shook a little. Again she found herself disregarding this boy's position in her household and speaking to him as to an equal. "Terry has consented to marry—Mr. Gish. Mr. Smithers has, I am afraid, precipitated matters by intimating that he finds Mr. Gish an unwelcome and undesirable guest—he has already left." She hesitated, turning her eyes from his face, and added, "I understand that he is making preparations for an—an immediate marriage. Terry and Mrs. Dorice say that they are joining him in a few days."

"My God!" Haines recoiled as though she had struck him. Then he reached forward and caught her wrist. "Do you mean to say she knows—knows the sort of man he is, and still cares enough"——

"Cares!" Lee faced him again, her head flung up, her voice and eyes half scornful. "Cares! I tell you, Terry no more knows what caring means—what it is to love, than the veriest baby. She's infatuated, flattered. Men have treated her like a child or a schoolgirl hitherto. He doesn't. If she's in love at all, she's in love with love!"

Her breath caught, but she went on again before he could speak, passionately, tensely:

"She's a child—a headstrong, wild, impressionable child. When she gets angry she loses all sense of balance—and she's angry now! Angry at interference—angry at what she looks upon as your impertinence in intruding upon her affairs. Oh, I muddled things wretchedly last night, Haines. I tried to make her see—the truth. And I [illegible] Between us we [illegible] her into the [illegible] And [illegible] nothing I can do—nothing anybody can do!"

She flung [illegible] hand [illegible] despairing [illegible] Her eyes were almost as tragic as his own.

"Whatever [illegible] told of him now, she won't [illegible] will refuse to believe, even if she listens. And she is beyond forcible restraint—neither I nor my husband have any power over her. She has her mother's approval and sanction."

She stopped. Haines had turned his back on her and was staring out of the window at nothing again. She saw that his hands were clenched and trembling at his sides.

"God!" he whispered. "I wish I'd broken Gish's back the day he came here! He deserves it. First Carson's life ruined and now"——

He broke off abruptly, swinging round. His eyes were on her face. Something in their gaze, something earnest, inexplicably pitying and understanding startled her. With his next words her heart leaped and seemed to stop beating.

"Carson's a white man all through," he said. "He wouldn't strike any woman—like they said he did"——

He turned away again. Lee moved to a chair and sat down weakly. Without looking at her Haines said:

"For Terry's own sake—if I need it, may I rely on a little of your help?"

Lee answered him with stiff lips. "What do you mean?" There was an attempt at hauteur in her manner now, but there was terror, too—terror of what he might know, what his words implied. He sensed it and came quickly back to her. His young face was changed—he smiled suddenly, rather wonderfully, and again with that strange, subtle suggestion of understanding. Then it hardened again, the mouth grew grim.

"Just that Terry has got to be saved!" he answered simply. And added, while she waited, dumb:

"I guess—after all—it's up to me to take a decisive hand in the game!"

There was something in his voice that brought her eyes quickly to his face [illegible] oddly exulting.

He met her eyes and smiled. It was quite without mirth, but it brought a blue flame to his own eyes that made her blink. He was already at the door. In sudden apprehension Lee checked him.

"What are you going to do?"

He looked back. The flame was still in his eyes.

"Employ the methods of the uncivilized and primitive male!" he [illegible] And [illegible] went.

(Continued Next Sunday)

To Remove Rust Spots. WET rust spots with vinegar, cover with salt and expose to the sun. Repeat as often as necessary to draw the stains out.

Worn-out Tablecloths. WORN-OUT tablecloths may be cut in three or four pieces and hemmed for use as dish towels or bread cloths.

Smooth Pies. PIES can be made perfectly even and smooth in appearance by lightly brushing the top with milk or water before baking.

Your skin needs different creams at different times

For thorough cleansing —this special cream

FOR thoroughly cleansing your skin you need a good cream with an oil base. Dust and fine particles of dirt bore too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Unless there is enough oil in a cream to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, the skin is not entirely cleansed. It becomes dull looking. Blackheads may form.

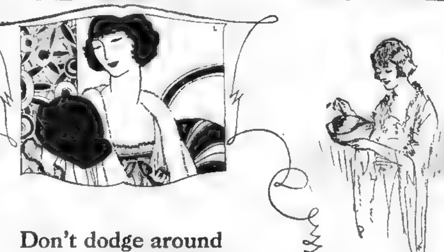
This is the reason for Pond's *Cold* Cream. This cream is very soft and delicate. It is most pleasing to use not only because it is light to the touch but because there is not a bit more oil than you need for a thorough cleansing. It was only after long experiment that we found just the right amount of oil to thoroughly cleanse the skin and not overload the pores as creams with too much oil do.

EVERY night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off again with a soft cloth. You will be astonished at the amount of grime on the cloth even after you have had just an ordinary day.

Start tonight to use this delicate cream. It will not clog the pores or promote the growth of hair. It comes in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Company, 131 Hudson St., New York.

To protect your skin against wind and sun—to freshen it and hold the powder, you need an entirely different cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream—made without a drop of oil.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream *to hold the powder*



Don't dodge around the corner—use Colorite

Your hat, which was so gay when new, is faded. You feel dowdy on the street. So when you see a fashionable acquaintance you slip out of sight.

For a quarter you can change all this. Colorite will restore the original beauty of your straw hat. If you are tired of the old shade, you have sixteen colors from which to choose another.

Colorite is sold in most department, dry goods and drug stores, priced at 25 cents (30 cents in Canada). It is easy to apply. It is waterproof. It holds the shape of your hat.

Colorite Fabric Dyes are double strength and are made in tablet form. They will dye or tint any kind of fabric.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
Established 1840
Also makers of Carmote Varnishes and Finishes
Dept. 85 — 77 Sudbury Street, Boston

16 COLORS
Jet Black (Gloss)
Dull Black
Cardinal Red
Yellow
Navy Blue
Cadet Blue
Victory Blue
Sage Green
Lavender
Old Rose
Cerise
Burnt Straw
Brown
Violet
Gray
Natural

Colorite HAT FINISH

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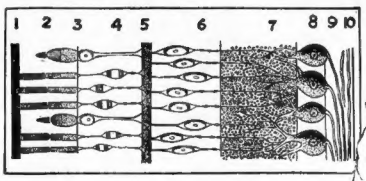
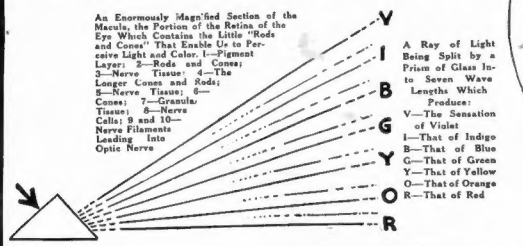
How Color Affects Our Health and Dispositions

Science Explains How Too Much or Too Little Can Disturb the Delicate Mechanism of Our Eyes, Upset Our Digestions, Produce Disease and Even Lead Us to the Divorce Courts

A "Color-Cure" Patient Being "Tapped" for Lines of Nervous Tension Which, When They Relax Under Certain Powerful Rays of Colored Lights, Guide the Physician to His Diagnosis of Disease



An Enormously Magnified Section of the Macula, the Portion of the Retina of the Eye Which Contains the Little "Rods and Cones" That Enable Us to Perceive Light and Color. 1—Pigment Layer; 2—Rods and Cones; 3—Nerve Tissue; 4—The Longer Cones and Rods; 5—Nerve Tissue; 6—Cones; 7—Granular Tissue; 8—Nerve Cells; 9 and 10—Nerve Filaments Leading Into Optic Nerve



A Ray of Light Being Split by a Prism of Glass Into Seven Wave Lengths Which Produce:
V—The Sensation of Violet
I—That of Indigo
B—That of Blue
G—That of Green
Y—That of Yellow
O—That of Orange
R—That of Red

Diagram Showing How the Color Rays Can Upset the Digestion and General Health. A—Rays of Light Entering the Eye and Being Sent as Light and Color Impressions Along the Optic Nerve (1) to the Visual Centre of the Brain by the Rods and Cones (B) in the Retina of the Eye. 2—The Visual Centre of the Brain Where Color Conceptions Are Formed Close to Which is the Beginning of the Pneumogastric Nerve (4) Which Conveys Stimulating or Depressing Messages to the Stomach (5) and Heart (6). The Nerve Which Stimulates the Salivary Glands Originate in This Same Region. Color Rays Which Upset the "Rods and Cones" Set Up a Sympathetic Disturbance of Pneumogastric Nerve and So Deranges the Whole Digestive System and Heart as Well

A Photograph of a Patient in a Color-Cure-Hospital Being Treated With Powerful Color Rays and Inhaling Thoroughly Sterilized Air

NOT long ago a distinguished physician, commenting in a medical journal upon a peculiar divorce case which had come to his professional attention, made this statement:

"If the wife had not had their dining room papered all in red this divorce would probably never have come about. The red in the room over-stimulated and exhausted the nerve endings in the retina of the eyes whose work it is to convey to the brain the color sensation we call red. These vibrations of color were made worse at night by a bad arrangement of lighting. As a consequence, the tired retinas affected the optic nerve, which in its turn set up an irritation in the visual centre of the brain. This, in its turn, caused an irritation of the pneumogastric nerve which controls the stomach and upset the processes of digestion. This, in its turn, produced changes in judgment and emotion which inevitably led to the divorce court.

"If it had not been for that red wall paper the lady probably would be a healthy woman and a happy wife to-day."

Everyone knows that in the rooms of some houses they feel at ease and cheerful, while in others they are conscious of a feeling of restlessness and irritation. A woman will say of these last rooms that they "drive her crazy"; and of the first that she "could sit there forever." People as a rule do not know why such rooms affect them, but modern science, in studying the effects of color upon our health and mentality, has just made some very interesting and remarkable discoveries about this and other matters. The remarks of the distinguished physician previously quoted cover only a little bit of the part science now says color plays in our lives.

Properly to understand how color can so affect us, it is first necessary to explain what science has comparatively recently discovered color to be. All objects are either luminous or non-luminous. Luminous bodies, such as the sun and stars, send out light. Non-luminous bodies, like flowers, human beings, stones and so on, reflect light. What we call light moves from its source in a series of waves and at the rate of 185,000 miles a second.

In the retina of the human eye is a little arrangement of nerve matter which, through its shape, is called "the rods and cones." This small mechanism is sensitive to the impact of the light waves. The rods, of which there are 30,000,000 in the eyes, are sensitive only to light itself—that is, they perceive it without color. But the cones, which are 7,000,000 in number, pick out the colors.

The reason for this seems to be as follows: The waves of light are made up of different lengths. That is, the distance between their crests is shorter or longer as the case may be. Everyone has seen a lake at a time when the waves are short and choppy, and at another time when the waves are long and rolling. The light waves move in the same way—except that the shortest and the longest waves and all between strike the eyes simultaneously.

Now science has found that light waves .61000 of an inch in length—that is .61000 of an inch between their crests—create the sensation of violet; these can be compared to the short, choppy waves on the lake. But wave lengths 1-36000 of an inch give rise to the sensation of red, and these can be compared to the slow, long rollers. Wave lengths between these two give us the other colors. By holding a three-cornered piece of glass or prism and letting a ray of sunlight fall through it you can separate the light ray into those waves and get all the colors of the rainbow, which is nothing but similar rays being split up against a background of cloud by millions of raindrops.

Among the 7,000,000 cones in the retina of the eye are certain ones which are "tuned" to different wave lengths of light. Some of them record only the red, some the green, etc. The recording is only the ability to respond to a certain number of beats.

When these beats come so fast that there is only 1-61000 of an inch between them, the cones which are sensitive to this tattoo send a nerve impulse to the color centre of the brain, which is registered there as what we call violet. When the light waves which are only 1-36000 of an inch beat their tattoo upon certain cones in the eye, these send the nerve impulse which we call the color red. The cones which respond to the color vibrations of red do not register green or violet, for instance. Nor do these others register red.

And here we have the explanation of color blindness. In those who do not perceive the colors red or green, for instance, the cones which are supposed to register this number of strokes are either absent or deficient.

It can now plainly be understood how closely related to the machinery of the eye color is and how that machinery can be disordered by too much of one color, or anything which will disorder the workings of the little cones and upset, just as the physician previously quoted pointed out, the whole physical system.

But there enters another strange thing in color. Every non-luminous object absorbs and throws back a certain number of these light waves. An object which absorbs them all is black. An object which throws back all is white. The rose is red because it absorbs everything except the red rays of light and throws them back. Any object is a certain color not because it is that color, but because it has no power to absorb the light waves which produce the sensation we call that color. If you will take a red rose and look at it in a light which contains no red rays that rose will be black.

And this ability to absorb certain rays of light and throw back others also has its effects, modern science believes, upon the health and mentality of human beings.

Professor M. Luckiesh, the distinguished American physicist, who is perhaps the greatest expert upon color on this side of the Atlantic, records some interesting experiments upon the effect of color upon physical and mental efficiency.

"Fore studied," he says, "the effect of colored light upon muscular activity. In ordinary light this muscular activity was found to be 23 units. It increased to 24 units for blue light; to 28 for green light; to 30 for yellow light, and to 35 and 42 units, respectively, for orange and red light.

"Pressey found that after subjecting a person to a given color for five minutes he could detect differences in the effects of the various colors upon tapping activity, memory, mental work, and so on. He found subjects with pronounced intolerance for a particular color. The mental processes of one subject might take 20 per cent more time under the influence of one color, or the memory work of another might show a marked improvement under a certain colored light. Tapping activity was more uniform with green light, slower with blue light and decidedly quicker under red light. Arithmetical work was strongly improved under red light."

With violet light, both mental and physical activity was impaired.

Not only wall paper, the draperies and hangings of our home may and do have pronounced effects upon our health, but the color of our clothing as well. Not only the light rays of colors reflected from our clothes, but those which our clothes absorb are important to us, science believes.

Before the war the German dye makers had a monopoly of world trade. But since the war the American dyes have forged ahead and are now at least equal and, in some respects, better than the Germans made. Here would be a problem for the American dye makers to consider and to solve. Dyes are nothing but substances which have the power of making fabrics absorb and throw back color waves just as the flowers do. A branch of the American dye industry might very well and profitably take up the science of healthful colors in clothes.

There is a school of medicine which has arisen—not yet fully accepted by the orthodox members of the profession, it may be said. It practices what is called variously chromo-therapy, spectro-chemistry and color healing. One of its leading practitioners in New York explains its technique as follows:

"The solid parts of a human body are composed of approximately 9.1 per cent hydrogen, 12.4 per cent carbon, 2.5 per cent nitrogen and 72 per cent oxygen, which make up 97 per cent of the total. About 1 per cent more is calcium and another 1 per cent phosphorus, while the sole remaining 1 contains in minute proportions every other element in the world, of which at present there are known to be nearly ninety. Also, we know that all growth, whether vegetable or animal, is but the evolution of elements energized by the radiant energy given off by the sun over waves of light.

"Radiant energy is the source of all energy, and every element absorbs and emanates this energy. Nothing could grow without it. This is the most obvious possible fact. But few people link food, medicine or anything else they take into their system directly with the sun. Tell the average person on the street or in a cafe that he eats and drinks radiant energy and breathes it and he will laugh at you. Yet this is precisely what he does do. He eats cereals, fruits, vegetables, meats, drinks water, milk, and breathes gases, all of which are composed of elements energized and brought into being by radiant energy.

"Furthermore, tell him that he eats, drinks and breathes color and he will laugh at you still harder. But explain that that vegetable he is eating—spinach, for instance—is composed of iron, oxygen and other elements in proportion, which absorb a preponderance of a radiant energy wave recognized by the human eye as green, and you will begin to command his attention.

"If he is versed in the science of spectroscopy he will learn that every element—hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, copper or what not—absorbs and emanates various divisions of this radiant energy; for instance, red, yellow, green, blue and orange in the order of these elements here mentioned, that is, hydrogen absorbs and emanates a preponderance of the red wave, carbon the yellow, and so on.

"And inasmuch as the body is but a composition of elements, the same as anything else, he will be interested to know what particular waves of radiant energy he is composed of, how they are kept in proper rhythmical balance by the radio-absorptive and radio-emanative powers that these elements possess, and how disease can be detected and dissipated by focusing certain color waves on certain areas of the body.

"Normally, the functioning of a human body may be likened unto rhythmical vibrations of a well-tuned piano. If one key is out of tune, harmony is impossible—it takes the whole gamut of attuned sound vibrations to produce what we comprehend as music. Similarly, every organ of your body has to vibrate harmoniously before it is possible to achieve a rhythmical tune of health. Health means the normal balance of radiant energy divisions. When they become unbalanced, out of vibration or proportion, that means "disease." It is then necessary to bring these vibrations back into normal relation with each other—so much of the red wave lengths, so much blue, green, scarlet and so on—before the person can regain vibrational harmony.

"That is the whole secret of color healing. One color wave after another is focused upon the patient. By certain signs the diagnostician can tell when the proper color has been found to neutralize the disease or tone up the affected parts. Of course, if complications exist different combinations of color waves have to be focused on the patient. By an enormous series of experiments a color-pharmacopia has been worked out. Certain cancers respond, for instance, to waves of burnt orange light; malaria to combinations of blue and green; grippe to red and green; epilepsy to rose and orange, and so on.

"Every disease and complication of disease in the human system being the result of an abnormal rate of vibration, they are amenable to and are dissipated by a specific wave or combination of waves of radiant energy.

"Up to the present upward of two hundred color waves have been worked out, and with these two hundred waves and a quadruple chromatic reflector about twenty-five hundred different color combinations can be made."

In the matter of dyes, it is stated by the physician quoted that the constituents of the dye has an actual effect upon the qualities of the light rays which are absorbed by the object dyed. He cites the case of a mother who brought a child to him, complaining that the little girl had become so nervous and fretful that she could neither eat nor sleep. The child looked ill, but it was a peculiar quality in the blue of her dress that caught his trained eye.

Questioning showed that the child's illness dated back a couple of weeks and that the dress, which had been brought from Germany, had been put on her about the same time. She had always worn blue, so it could not be the color itself that had done the harm.

"Take that dress off her and put her in a blue dress made in America," he bade the mother. The child, after a few hours, became normal, according to the doctor. It was something in the foreign dye that had subtly altered the color vibrations which passed through to the little body and upset the balance of her nerves.

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Hurry, Mother! A half-teaspoonful of genuine California Fig Syrup will make your cross, fretful baby comfortable. It cleanses the little bowels of all the wind and gases, the bile, souring food and stomach poison which is causing baby's distress.

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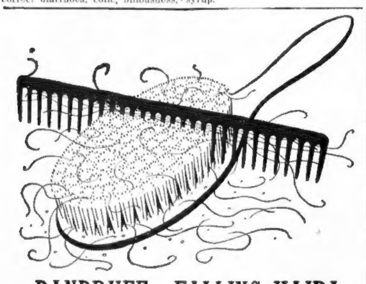

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Your druggist will tell you that "Danderine" is the largest selling hair saver in the world because it corrects and tones sick, ailing hair every time. Use one bottle of Danderine, then if you find a single falling hair or a particle of dandruff you can have your money back.

THE JOKE
A Play in One Act By Curtiss La Q Day

"This you, Endo? For God's sake, hurry—there's bandits—they're going to kill me. Ouch! Ouch! Stop!

(All Dramatic Rights Are Reserved by the Author and This Play Must Not Be Produced Without Arrangement With Him.)

Characters:

ENDO LENTOS,
An Armenian, now a naturalized American citizen.
RUBY LENTOS..His second wife
ARENSO,
A young man who rooms with them.
THE LANDLADY.

SCENE.—The front room of the Lentos downstairs flat. Through an open door at the right one has a slight view of the Lentos Antique and Curio Shop. Lentos apparently expects no customers, for he has left the shop and has squatted in front of a square black safe in the right-hand corner. In the opposite corner Ruby Lentos pauses at her sewing machine to watch her husband. He is at least fifty; she is not yet twenty-five. Behind her is a door opening into their bedroom. The door to Arenso's room, toward the front along the same wall, is closed. The hall door, in the middle of the wall at the rear, is closed and bolted. On the wall at each side of the door are several shelves littered with newspapers, magazines, old books, cooking utensils and bric-a-brac. On the safe stands a telephone. In the foreground at the right is a cook stove, a kitchen sink and a cupboard. Two or three chairs and a plain board table complete the furnishings.

LENTOS *(swinging open the door of the safe and reaching in)*—It is good money I make this month; maybe I buy another bond soon.

RUBY—Yes, money, money, money. Always money. You never think of me at all.

LENTOS *(stroking his beard)*—Now you talk your nonsense. Who do I make all the money for but for you? Some day when I get enough we will move out in the country, where everything will be nice for you.

RUBY—Yes. Out where there's no movie shows and you can't waste money on ice cream. I suppose that's what you promised your first wife while she worked herself to death.

LENTOS—Now, now—aren't you ashamed to be jealous of that poor dead woman?

RUBY—Humph! Jealous, eh? Sometimes I envy her.

LENTOS *(withdrawing a package of bonds from the safe and rising)*—See here, now—if this shouldn't make you smile: ten Liberty Bonds worth a thousand dollars apiece. I take no chances for the banks to fail; I always keep them here.

RUBY—Yes; you'd worry more about losing them than a wife.

LENTOS *(dropping the bonds on a shelf while he picks up a package of papers which he begins to examine)*—There's no use to tell you that I make every dollar only for you. Did you take the oil-well folder off the shelf? Oh, here it is. Say, this is the fifth—the fifth. Has that good-for-nothing Arenso paid his rent yet?

RUBY—He is such a nice gentleman—I didn't want to insist. I'll ask him to-morrow.

LENTOS—Gentleman, eh. A young man like him with nothing better to do than to peddle tinware? You ask him to-day. It's no use working hard to make money and then let some loafer skip out owing room rent.

RUBY—Be quiet—I hear his step in the hall. *(The doorknob rattles. Lentos draws back the bolt and opens the door. Arenso enters. He is a tall young man about Ruby's age, immaculately dressed, suave and self-possessed. He nods pleasantly to each as he crosses the room and enters his own room through the door at the left.)*

LENTOS *(grimacing)*—A no-account. Through work for the day, I suppose, and it's not three o'clock.

RUBY—You're a fine one to talk about anything but money—you who'd rather lose a wife than a single bond.

LENTOS—I am tired of hearing you; you talk too much on always the same thing. I have to go a block down the street to see Mr. Wein on business now. *(He hastily shoves a sheaf of papers into the safe, closes the door and sets the lock.)* You can stop sewing long enough to watch the shop if any customers come in.

RUBY—I suppose you can forget business and money for a while with Miss Hacken, that stenographer of his in the office.

LENTOS *(leaving through the door opening into his shop)*—You women are always jealous or mad at something. *(Ruby rises and walks to the door, watching her husband pass through his shop and out into the street. Finally she goes to Arenso's door and knocks lightly. He opens the door and steps into the room.)*

ARENSO—Has he gone?

RUBY—Yes; down to Wein's. *(He kisses her and walks across the room.)* He'll stay there at least an hour.

ARENSO *(fingering the lock on the safe)*—It's no use. The old blockhead has closed it.

RUBY—We'll have to take chances. I have Wein's telephone number ready. He'll be there in three or four minutes. We'll have to work quick.

ARENSO—I'll get a taxi. *(He leaves through the door into the shop. Ruby paces restlessly around the room, pausing occasionally to look through the shop door. Finally Arenso returns.)* There's a taxi waiting for us in front.

RUBY—Did you lock the outside door? A customer might come in.

ARENSO—I bolted it. Shall we begin?

RUBY—I guess so; but I don't believe it'll work. *(She picks up the telephone receiver as Arenso closes the shop door.)* Give me Mulberry 02218. . . . Is this Wein? . . . Is Lentos there? *(She changes her voice to a high, sobbing tone.)* This you, Endo? For God's sake, hurry—there's bandits—they're going to kill me. Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Stop! *(Arenso clamps his hand over her mouth smothering out her voice in a gurgle. He takes the telephone.)*

ARENSO—If you don't give us the combination to your safe in less than ten seconds we'll butcher your wife. What? . . . Yes, and don't try any foolishness with the police, either. We can kill her and get away before you've started. Huh? Yes. . . . Two turns to right—back one-half to left—round to seven and a half. *(He drops the receiver and stoops in front of the safe. He twirls the combination, the lock clicks and the door swings open.)*

RUBY—Take all the papers on the upper part; he keeps his bonds with them. There's a little currency in the little drawer, too. *(Arenso hastily rifles the safe and rises.)*

ARENSO—So the old boy wouldn't ever give you the combination to the safe, eh? Wasn't such a fool after all.

RUBY—No; and look at the trouble it put us to. I didn't think it would work—he'd rather cut off an arm than lose a dollar.

ARENSO—We'd better go; let's leave through the hallway. *(As they step toward the hall door it opens and the landlady confronts them.)*

THE LANDLADY—What's the matter? Even upstairs they could hear a roughhouse. It's a fine way for a married lady to carry on.

RUBY—Oh, shut up, and mind your own business. I'm glad I don't have to put up with you much longer. *(Ruby, followed by Arenso, steps through the hall door, pushing the landlady aside. As they hurry down the hall the landlady looks after them doubtfully, then saunters into the room. She eyes the open safe suspiciously. She replaces the telephone receiver on the hook and opens the door to the shop. She calls, "Mr. Lentos—oh, Mr. Lentos!" and upon receiving no answer she walks slowly around the room, pausing to peer into the two vacant bedrooms. She finally returns to the hall door, and leaving it open walks down the hall. In a minute or two comes the confusion of excited voices at the front of the hallway, then hurried footfalls. Lentos bursts into the room, followed by the landlady, now quite excited.)*

LENTOS—You say they both just went out—and she wasn't hurt? And she sassed you back?

THE LANDLADY—They'd been yelling and screaming and carryin' on disgraceful till I came. Then they stopped. *(Lentos drops into a chair and begins to laugh hysterically.)* There's nothin' funny about it. They were disturbin' everybody upstairs.

LENTOS *(finally gaining control of himself)*—Oh, no, not that. I was only laughing at the big joke I had played on myself and them, too—locking up some journals in my safe and leaving my ten Liberty Bonds loose on the shelf up there by the dishpan. *(He rises slowly.)* I must put them away again—and change the combination. . . . Yes. . . . And when my rent ends this month I think I give up these three back rooms and keep only my shop. I can get a room over at the house where Miss Hacken stays—and maybe I can come back some day with a wife that is a real lady.

CURTAIN.

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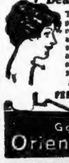

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OTHINE
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Be sure to ask your druggist or at the toilet counter of any department store for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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Anna Q. Nilsson, the wonderful motion picture actress, says that a beautiful rosy-white skin and complexion is the very best asset any girl or woman can have. She further states that the best and quickest way to obtain this is to use a simple toilet preparation, familiar to every well-known actress.

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This wonderful derwillo is used by over one million discriminating girls and women throughout the country and is rapidly becoming the leader in its line. It takes the place of face powder, stays on better and its use cannot be detected. Perspiration does not affect it and it will not rub off on clothing.

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Anna Q. Nilsson

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THE kitchen is the workshop of the home. The old-time kitchen, where it was necessary to walk twenty feet across the room to take the roasts from the stove and lay it on the kitchen table, and where the kitchen was a combination sitting-room, washroom and cooking emporium is gone! Step-saving arrangement and the smallest space possible with convenient work is the ideal of to-day.

Good kitchen sizes for the detached house are 7x9, 9x11, 10x12 and 12x14. In the apartment a space 6x7 or 7x9 is ample, even for the needs of several people. The secret of an efficient kitchen is not in extensive floor space, but in well-planned arrangement and utilization of wall space.

There are two groups of work in every kitchen: (1) Preparing food; (2) Clearing it away. These two groups are entirely separate and the equipment which belongs to each must be kept entirely separate. That is, the refrigerator, kitchen-cabinet and stove should be adjacent and in one group, so that it is possible to work from one to the other without waste motion or effort. In the second group belongs all the equipment necessary to washing the dishes and laying them away. This includes some form of table or very long drain at the right of the sink on which to stack the soiled dishes; then the sink itself in the centre; then a drain to the left on which the clean dishes are laid; then to the left of the left drain the pantry shelves or closet in which the dishes may be immediately laid as soon as washed.

This fundamental arrangement of the equipment is absolutely necessary to insure labor-saving work and can be applied to any kitchen, large or small. It will prevent such errors as ever placing the sink next to the stove, an entirely wrong location, because we never work from a sink to a stove, but always from a stove to a table or vice versa. The second fundamental rule is to group related equipment together. This means that every article, tool or utensil used at a certain place should be permanently located or hung there. This means skillets and pots placed near the stove; bowls and beaters and mixing tools over the cabinet; all dish-washing appliances, of course, near the sink; the idea can be carried out so as to even place the coffee supply next the coffee pot, to hang the bread knife near the bread box, etc. Only in this way is time and effort saved from walking long distances to get a tool when it is needed.

Direct light from a window should be shed on the important work-centres of table, stove and sink. Nothing makes for unsatisfactory work so much as standing in one's own light or having inadequate light by which to see. Artificial lighting should follow the same rule. There should be a "goose-neck" fixture over the stove and over the sink. This flexible outlet is generally fitted with a white enamel reflector so that the light can be turned at whatever angle is most desirable. The single central "drop," so often seen is very poor because it always forces the worker to stand in her own light. At least two or three wall brackets are needed in the kitchen. Speaking of outlets recalls that there should be a two or three-way outlet in the wall, generally above a table or near the sink, so that electric utilities, dish-washing machine or other appliances may be easily connected.

Sufficient air is as important as good light. Two windows are a necessity, preferably one above the sink and one near the stove. A window over the sink gives the worker a "view," removes odors rapidly and is generally an artistic location. In addition there must be some sort of special ventilating hood over the stove and connected with the flue to absorb and carry off odors. An electric fan may be placed in the flue and be very desirable, especially in the hot weather. There is also a form of ventilator which occupies half of the upper pane of the window, which is excellent in a small house.

Everything about the kitchen should be as sanitary as possible. Painted plaster with a high gloss finish is, in the author's opinion, the most preferable finish to any kitchen surface, because it can be so easily wiped down and affords no protection to germs. Paper is more than useless and the constant steam is not good where water color paints are used. If the lower wainscoting is covered with an oilcloth paper the effect is attractive, but such paper on the upper walls is not lasting and the colors fade easily.

The best types of floor covering are either inlaid linoleum in a heavy grade or the new composition materials which are put on like cement and form a single surface with the floor. In either case the work must be done by experts and the floors kept varnished or treated to avoid excessive wear. A good coat of spar varnish each season will renew the lustre and preserve the material.

The old-fashioned pantry has also disappeared and its place is taken by the portable kitchen cabinet. A pantry is generally a space-waster, and it is better to place and hang the utensils about the walls of the kitchen itself.

Small shelves about four or six inches wide are desirable over any table or near the stove so that necessary utensils may either be laid upon them or hung from beneath on rows of cup hooks placed two inches apart. Several such shelves of graded width over a table will give the effect of a kitchen cabinet. All such fixtures should be built in at the time of the house construction. Both cabinets and refrigerators should be "recessed," that is, have their front surface flush with the surface of the wall. This gives more floor space, a neater appearance and more sanitary effect. The best cabinets are made of steel. It is possible to obtain units and group them together after the manner of sectional bookcases.

The vogue for the all-white kitchen is passing because it is too difficult to keep clean. Preferable colors are French gray, battleship gray, apple green, delf blue and even a warm shade of yellow. Both trim and shelves and all woodwork are most effective done in paint, not varnish or stain. The ceiling should always be white and the wall tints kept as white as possible.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SLENDER AND STOUT WOMEN (4027). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6¾ yards of 40-inch material.

A STYLISH FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL (4019). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves. With the sleeves short ½ yard less is required.

A POPULAR MODEL WITH NEW FEATURES (4021). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. It will require 5¼ yards of 32-inch material for a medium size.

A NEW AND PLEASING DRESS FOR BREAKFAST OR SERVICE (3469). It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It will require 7⅝ yards of 27-inch material for this model in a medium size.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK (3685). It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4⅞ yards of 38-inch material.

A COMFORTABLE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE TOT (4032). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

A COMFORTABLE PLAY FROCK (4031). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 year and 2 years. A 1-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

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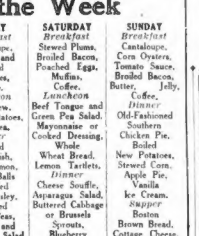
Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Cantaloupe, Cheese, Toast, Coffee.	Pears, Codfish Balls, Muffins, Coffee.	Peaches, Cereal, Top Milk, Scrambled Eggs, Rolls, Toast, Coffee.	Plums, Corned Beef Hash, Apple Sauce, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Breaded and Broiled Tomatoes, Coffee.	Stewed Plums, Broiled Bacon, Poached Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Corn Oysters, Tomato Sauce, Broiled Bacon, Butter, Jelly, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream of Parsnip Soup, Whole Wheat Bread, Jelly Roll, Whipped Cream, Iced Tea.	Potato Salad, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Nut Oatmeal Macaroons, Iced Tea.	Fresh Fish Chowder, Crackers, Cucumber and Tomato Salad, Sponge Gingerbread, Iced Coffee.	Vegetarian Club Sandwiches, Lemon Jello, Whipped Cream.	Irish Stew, Baked Potatoes, Iced Tea.	Beef Tongue and Green Pea Salad, Mayonnaise or Cooked Dressing, Whole Wheat Bread, Lemon Tartlets,	Old-Fashioned Southern Chicken Pie, Boiled New Potatoes, Stewed Corn, Apple Pie, Vanilla Ice Cream.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Meat Loaf, Browned Potatoes, Boiled Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce, Cherry Brown Betty, Iced Tea.	Cold Corned Beef (Sliced thin), Pickled Beets, Buttered Lima Beans, Creamed Potatoes, Baking Powder Biscuits, Deep Apple Pie, Tea.	Baked Macaroni, Tomato Sauce, Buttered Beans, Emergency Vegetable Salad, Blackberries, Thin Cream.	Baked Veal Cutlets, Browned Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes (With or Without Onions, Leeks, Etc.), Huckleberry Tea Ring.	Baked Fresh Fish, Sliced Lemon, Potato Balls Sprinkled with Parsley, Buttered Green Peas, Tomato and Asparagus Salad, Sliced Peaches, Sponge Drops.	Cheese Souffle, Asparagus Salad, Buttered Cabbage or Brussels Sprouts, Blueberry Muffins, Iced Tea.	Supper Boston Brown Bread, Cottage Cheese, Iced Tea or Lemonade.

Salt on Ink Stains.

BY putting salt immediately on fresh ink stains on a carpet and renewing constantly until the salt is no longer discolored, the spots may be washed out by using tepid water without soap.



Almost Unbelievable
You can hardly realize the wonderful improvement to your skin and complexion your mirror will reveal to you after using Gouraud's Oriental Cream for the first time. *Send 15c. for Trial Size.*
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Gouraud's
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PURE WOOL ANGORA FINISH SCARF

Actual Value $5

$3.39 Postpaid
Send No Money

This beautiful Angora-finished scarf of pure wool worsted is the stylish model New York's best dressed women are now wearing. Ideal for sport suits, dresses or cool evenings.

Two patch pockets, pale heather-finished belt, fringed ends, twenty-eight inches wide, seventy-eight inches long. Pockets, fringes and stripes contrasting colors: plaid, brown fur, canoe blue or buff tan. State color desired. Money back if not satisfied after examination. Send no money. Just name and color desired. Pay Postman $3.39 on arrival.

SURPLUS CLEARING HOUSE
Dept. 128, 230 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

One thing your mirror can never tell you —

IT will tell you that the line of your nose is fairly good, that your eyes are bright, and that your newly-brushed hair is pleasing to see. It will say that your face is attractive.

Your mirror can reflect the shapes of your features—the form of you, but it is hopelessly unable to reflect *you*—that individual charm that is *yours* only because it is you.

The true secret of this charm will always be secret. The developing of this charm is as plain as these words you are reading.

Dress will help you — a little. But the greatest help you could have is that there shall be something about you as indefinable yet as real as the perfume of flowers—a delicate Fragrance, almost unnoticed, yet with an effect that cannot escape notice.

You can get this Fragrance in as useful a toilet accessory as talcum powder. It has all the qualities of the finest, loveliest talc you can buy and with it all this delightful fragrance.

Of course you use talcum powder and know how kind it is to your skin. Then why not get Pompeian Fragrance—which is a talcum powder with a charm of its own that it will lend to you.

Sweet and soothing after bathing

The final touch of daintiness

Cool and refreshing after exercise

Send 10 cents for five samples and the 1922 panel

We will send you these for 10 CENTS:
1—The 1922 Pompeian Beauty panel in beautiful colors, size 28 x 7⅛. (This would cost from 50 cents to 75 cents in an art store.)
2—Sample of Pompeian Fragrance.
3—Sample of Day Cream (Vanishing).
4—Sample of Night Cream (the cold cream for beauty).
5—Sample of Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
6—Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
The beautiful 1922 panel and five samples for 10 cents. Please tear off the coupon, enclose a dime and these samples will come to you in a few days.

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A Talcum Powder

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At all toilet counters, 30c

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW AND MAIL
Or put in purse as shopping reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2276 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Gentlemen: I inclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Address.....
City..... State.....
Naturally shade powder next unless you write another below

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Serve *Raisin* Bread Tomorrow

All homes should serve more raisins for their energy and iron. You can get these valuable food elements in scores of attractive foods.

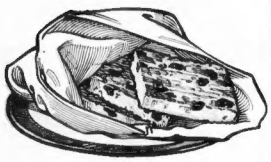
Raisin bread—delicious when *filled* with these fine fruit-meats—is one of them. So ask for a *full-fruited* raisin bread.

Ask Grocers or Bakers

No need to bake a loaf at home. Just telephone your grocer or a baker in the morning and have the bread for luncheon or for dinner.

Serve your men folks with a new treat—hot raisin toast at breakfast. Break the monotony of plain bread in this attractive way.

Make delicious bread pudding with the left-over slices. There's real economy in a bread like this.



Sun-Maid *Seeded* Raisins

Ask for Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins for home cooking uses, made from tender, juicy, thin-skinned California Muscat Grapes.

Send coupon for free book, "Recipes with Raisins," describing scores of luscious raisin foods.

Cut This Out and Send It

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. O-6-24, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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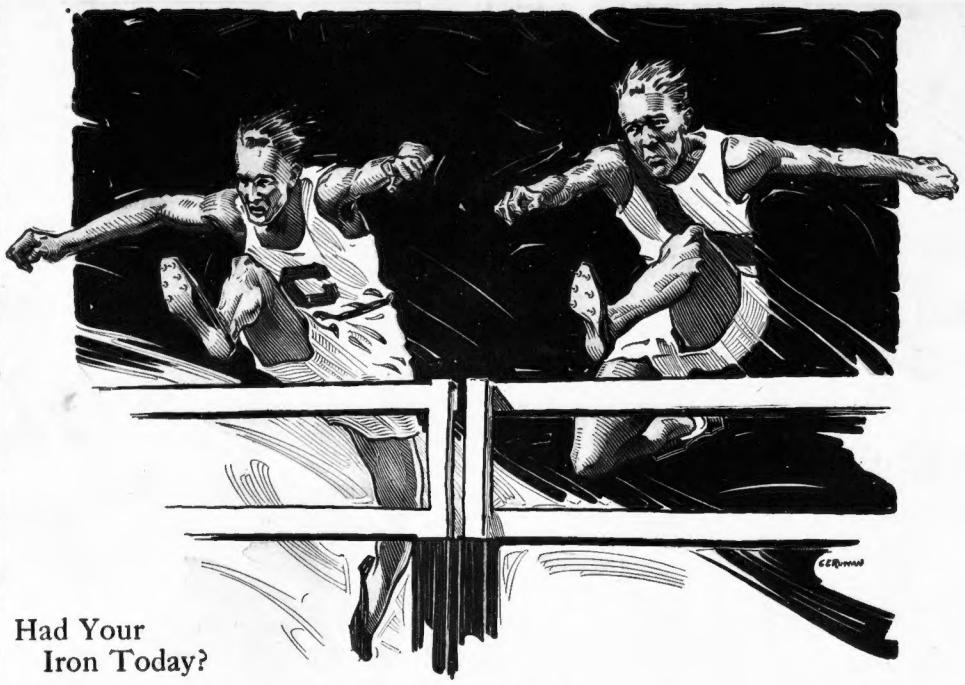

Had Your Iron Today?

Little Raisins

Give *You* Summer Pep!

Eat Them Between Meals

ALL records for five-cent sales, widespread popularity, and energizing nutriment per pound have been smashed by Little Sun-Maid Raisins. And now they're setting up new marks for summer by replacing energy that hot weather saps.

Seventy-five per cent fruit sugar, which is pure nourishment in practically predigested form—*levulose*, the dieticians call it. *No tax on digestion*, so there's *no heating of the blood*. Wonderful how quick it goes to work.

Butt right in on hottest days and put you on your toes. Can't change the weather, but they can change *you*.

Rich in food-iron also. Vital men and women resist summer heat.

YOU'LL say Little Sun-Maids are world's champion re-vitalizers.

Great stuff when you're hungry, tired or faint. You risk 5c to prove it. Do it now.

Little Sun-Maids

Between-Meal Raisins

5c Everywhere

Made by the sun from finest California seedless table grapes—a luscious small grape, too thin-skinned and delicate to ship fresh for long distances. Natural confections of a very dainty kind. Little Sun-Maids are invariably first grade raisins only.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
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